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CHURCH AND STATE.

THE most momentous question of the hour, as it has been the vexed theme of a thousand years, is the relation of Church to State. A great deal of the bitterness of this uninterrupted controversy arises chiefly from a misunderstanding. One would think that in an age which furnishes every facility for a thoughtful and thorough examination of this issue, reason, and not passion or prejudice should predominate. But, as of old, the strength of the opposition to the Church's claim lays in an appeal to the crude and groundless misconceptions of the thoughtless masses. Their fidelity is stabilitated, and their hostility aroused, by throwing the skeleton, or rather, a hideous effigy of the Inquisition on the political stage, and pointing to the gloating eyes and savage visage of this *chef-d'œuvre* of Englishmen. Men may talk of "progress and enlightenment," but the nineteenth century can supply a howling and ferocious mob equal to that of any century of which the annals have come down to us. Whatever corroborates human nature, left to its own promptings and actuated by the evil spirit of hatred, unmistakably contradicts the "theory of development." In general the instinct of the world blindly seeks the argument of "brute force" in every encounter with a weaker party. Philosophers and theorists may reason and demonstrate, but it is the myrmidons of the bayonet or ballot that construct civil institutions and governments.

As people are prone to confound social customs and practices with what nature requires, so in like manner people believe that consuetudes, civil and political, are the most just and necessary, simply because they exist and find countenance from men. It is not to be concealed that ethical arrangements may have a variety of phases without in the least impairing their adaptibility and utility. Political economists are, and ever have been, in mutual antagonism regarding every form of civil government, and every department of their peculiar science. Some ad-

vocate monarchy as the best form of civil regimen; some pure democratism; and another class an intermixture of both. The contention is hardly worth the amount of thought expended upon it; and to calm, disinterested minds, the few verities hurled to and fro in the virulent strife of these truculent advocates, but illy repay the sufferings of the sensitive natures enlisted on both sides.

Moral and ethical science, whilst all pretend to possess it in the fullest, is studied by comparatively few and acquired by fewer still. It is one of those things of human life in which prepossession supplants conviction; and in which man is ever exhibiting his likes and dislikes, instead of his reasons and arguments. In this age of newspapers it is almost impossible to find any one with as much modesty as would enable him to confess himself incompetent to render a just decision on the merits of the financial question, universal suffrage, protective tariff, or the countless other principles involved in the confused and unhealthy political atmosphere of the times, although to the overwhelming majority of the living race the "*pons asinorum*" is as stupendous a mystery as the Holy Trinity.

It is not, therefore, a thing for great wonder that the question of Church and State should be so universally discussed and so little understood, or rather so generally misunderstood, reviled, and misrepresented. To most of people the very premises of the discussion are convolved and uncertain. As among naturalists "the bone of contention" is whether "light is in heat or heat in light," so to those who seek a solution of this religio-political question the great matter is to determine whether the Church is in the State or the State from the Church. It is one of the infirmities of human nature, that when things appear simultaneously there always arises a difficulty in perceiving the principle of priority and causation. Such confusion prevails even in physical matters where the dependence on effect on cause is palpable, direct, and immediate. It is not strange, then, that in the moral world, where lineaments are never tangibly defined, much doubt and indistinctness should be experienced.

If it could be demonstrated that commonwealths were always as they are now in the world, any investigation of this affair would, of course, be in vain; as this simultaneity would present itself as an insuperable barrier in every period selected for experiment. Happily the governments of Christian times are very distinct from those of the pre-christian eras. This difference must arise from some source. It most assuredly did not come of a change in man's nature, or in the face of the world; and as there is but one other composing element in the body politic—religion—it must have sprung from it. Thus, then, Christianity is the real cause of all that difference perceptible between the states of antiquity and those of modern ages. No man who knows aught of history will pretend that this change was wrought by an effort of legislation; and not contrary to civil enactments and despite civil penalties and tortures. Persecution met the advance of Christianity, and extermination threatened for centuries its very existence.

In this controversy between churchmen and statesmen, those latter assume that a State is an organization perfect in itself—a creator and not a mere creature—and like the Church, an eternal something, *per se*, lifted high above the heads of men. This assumption is a grand underlying fallacy of all statesmanship throughout the whole range of the historic period of the world. That it is as fallacious as pernicious, the revolutions of the past and the grim roll of successive slaughters speak but too plainly. The lower

empire was once a Christian State; to what region of shadows has it gone? The same territory, and the same men in numbers, became a Mohammedan State. Assuredly, if a State were anything in itself, we should be able to discover its débris in some place. In like manner, England was once a Catholic State; but without migrations, conquests, or desolations it became a Protestant one. This legislative necessity and supreme idol of man's contrivance fell with the first throes of the convulsion.

The truth of the matter is, that a State is the merest echo of its citizens, made by them, altered by them, destroyed by them, or remodelled by them at pleasure. Were not the passions and selfish interests of men so firmly bound up in one or other particular form of government, a State might change itself and its constitutions as a man does his coat, from despotism to republicanism or *vice versa*. Owing to the confusion, crime, desecration, murder, and robbery attendant on such civil commotions, no man of a moderate, liberty-loving, rational mind ever contemplates revolutions without a shudder at the ghastly aspect of blood and suffering they invariably present. But were it possible to accomplish a mutation without destroying good order or infringing justice, there would be nothing reprehensible in it whether morally or rationally considered. States are like the houses men build in various countries. They are suited to their wants as far as practicable. The habitations of the Laplanders are built of snow, a material best adapted to the requirements of their climate. But should they find themselves surrounded with torrid heat (a thing not beyond the range of possibilities, since astronomy, by divesting the earth of its centripetal and centrifugal leading-strings, shows its errancy and the absurdity of such things as a fixed orbit—the beaten path of astronomical fantasy—a glacial, or other imagined periods), they would consider their snow cabins rather humid and inconvenient, and in consequence would quickly abandon them for structures of more durable material.

The constant endeavor of legists and civilians to render the constitution a sacred thing is to no purpose. It is a human thing as far as men formed it, and only sacred inasmuch as it embodies principles of natural justice or divine truth. Men even pretend it is the best and most constant custodian of spiritual matters. Schools, they say, are fostered by governments, morality enforced, violence repressed, justice administered, and order preserved. Those who make such assertions forget that a State which does all this is supported by people who esteem Christianity, and who in some way profess it. Special pleadings should be overruled in such discussions, for truly considered, the fact that one State does such things, whilst another takes its greatest delight in the contrary, simply proves that the State is a creature of circumstances—men, their theories, and surroundings.

It must, therefore, be ever borne in mind that the State proceeds from men, and they never from the State. This is true, although ignored, in States constituted centuries ago as well as in those that sprang into existence yesterday. The child, even in our ultra civilization, has no legal status until it has passed a certain number of years, *i. e.*, a State knows no one who is not in the supposed possession of matured strength of body and full maturity of mind—grown man. It is incontrovertible that if the growing generations are instructed to other notions and convictions than those which uphold the present civil arrangements, they in due time will, without scruple, alter or subvert them. Such changes have taken place at certain epochs in the past. Sometimes the alteration was general, and sometimes only partial,

according to the composition of the educating agency. When the world passed out of a Pagan atmosphere into a Christian one, it was impelled forward by those whose minds were imbued thoroughly with the higher principles of Christianity.

There is nothing automatic in any State, no matter in what mould it has been cast. Countries have continued through centuries to cherish peculiar forms of government; but nothing would be more unfounded than to suppose that the internal structure of these commonwealths has not varied—retrograded or progressed in some degree, with each succeeding generation. The most conservative people in the world have had their seasons of transition and change. There is no land known to civilization where dynasty or party has not yielded to dynasty or party. Whatever is pretended, new views, new habits of thought, other necessities, moral corruption, or advancement always effects a revolution, bloody or bloodless. From all this it is evident that the State is the afterthought of reason, and a mere pact which men engage themselves to support and maintain as long as it is subservient to the good of man. But it is well also to remember that many of the observances and exactions are needless, and some of them even destructive to its own existence. The politician looks on a State as a whole, and always considers what he supposes the general welfare and interest; whilst the true statesman regards it in its individual factors. Hence we see where faction—the *deus ex machina* of the politician—rages, minority oppression, and almost civil ostracism. In commonwealths that are a prey to rampant and blind partisanship, no matter how palpably unjust and oppressive any requirement or taxation may be, it is insisted on, under the pretence made by this partisan tyranny, that it is demanded by the general good of all.

The State, therefore, considered apart from its component elements, is a mere fiction; or rather, a name for the actions of men in a public capacity. Now it is certain that if those men be Pagans, Pagan laws, theories, and practices will be legalized, and a Pagan morality will color all their enactments. So far is the State from framing a moral code, that it knows and permits no other morality than that of the legislators. If they are Christians, the laws will be to some extent Christian; if Jews, Mosaic; if Mussulmans, Mohammedan; if Buddhists or Parsees, idolatrous. Thus all considerations go to show that a State or commonwealth, inasmuch as it has a framework at all, is composed of the fortuitous qualities and aptitudes peculiar to its citizens; and is, therefore, the creature of them.

It is not designed to deny that other theories were upheld and are still defended. Many of the civil commotions of the past resulted from such ideas of a constituted government. In the eventuation, however, it was always discovered that, no matter what the written instrument said, the demands and policy of the strongest faction made and unmade the commonwealth at will. When the prevailing faction was guided and animated by principles of morality and justice, its cause was the cause of humanity and righteousness. But when otherwise actuated the results were harassing to the weaker, and disgraceful and outrageous in their wicked consequences. If, therefore, there was no such thing as religion, or a religious body in the world claiming a right to correct, guide, and reprobate civil proceedings, it would be the office and duty of human reason to assert a censorship, and the privilege of refusing assent to many of those contrivances which are devised to further the ends of the selfish, and oftentimes malignant and ignorant men, into whose hands intrigue, cunning, or

accident commits the legislating power.

But there is an institution, not depending on human ingenuity for either its origin or sustentation, which reclaims and enlightens reason itself, and teaches the world the purest morality and the strictest notions of justice. It is not, or rather it need not be, a matter of surprise to any one that the Catholic Church, asserting divine authority as the basis on which it rests, and claiming divine guidance in its dogmatic and moral teachings, should insist on an unqualified supremacy in all things relating to faith and morals. To renounce such a claim would be to forfeit consistency, which would hardly accord with the necessary qualifications of an infallible teacher and guide. A Church which instructs in the truths imparted to it by Christ cannot learn of any man, but must teach all men, learned and unlearned, lawgiver and outlaw alike. Otherwise it must propagate errors and fall inevitably into contradictions. If it permitted men to enact laws and then accepted them without examination, approval, or rejection, it would be forced to teach in one and the same language that a crowned personage is the head of both Church and State; and that neither Church nor State has a head. This would be far from consistent; and furthermore, should the missionary mistake a little his region, he would in the same day, see both doctrines rejected and laughed at, and he himself, perhaps, would be maltreated.

There is a confused notion among people that the supremacy of the Church over the State means that the Church should be established by law and subsist on governmental endowments; excluding, at the same time, all other forms of Christianity from legal recognition, and disposing of national rulers at will. This view of the matter is certainly very far from being the correct one. The civil and formal establishment of the Church in any country is a mere subject of choice to the citizens of that special land. But the setting up of the Church and its throwing down are two things radically different. Where the Church is by law established it would be a great injustice to disestablish it after the manner of modern days; for this means its utter spoliation, and the sacrilegious confiscation of its institutions and revenues, such as is taking place in Italy. The forcible establishment of the Catholic Church—to argue from an impossible theory—in countries where its teachings and ministrations are rejected by the great majority, such as England and the United States, would be equally a breach of natural justice, and a most unjustifiable act. In lands where the inhabitants are divided in their forms of worship there is only one mode of adjustment. The membership of each should be free to support or neglect their places of public divine service and other institutions. When governments undertake to endow all equally, they always inflict an injustice on the creed that has the most numerous following; and when they except any this injustice is aggravated. But if all the citizens should be fortunate enough, or so highly favored by divine grace as to embrace the doctrines of the Catholic Church, then they might either continue the voluntary system of contribution, or give the Church legal endowment without the slightest injustice.

It must be remembered that establishment or disestablishment, endowment or disendowment, is no part of the Church at all—neither doctrinal, disciplinary, nor constitutional. Such things were merely the grateful expression of past ages to that unbroken Catholic Christianity that civilized the world, or the unmistakable works of delinquency and degeneration. The establishment of the Anglican heresy did not make it

a part of the true Church. Neither did the plundering and disfranchisement of the few faithful English Catholics deprive them of Catholic unity. Robbed and outraged, as they were, they always remained the only part of the indefectible Church of Christ in England. The coercive power, employed in some countries to enforce the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, was and is, where it still holds, an adjunct of this civil establishment, but no part whatsoever of the economy of the Church itself.

The deposing power, exercised by the Popes, is unquestionably bound up in principle with this supremacy of the Church over the State; but it is a matter of requisition only when absolutism sways the complexion of the civil government. The absolutist prince enacted laws which the Church pronounced immoral, and as he persevered in his efforts to enforce them on a people who, obedient to the voice of the Church and their own consciences, deemed their observance sinful, there was no remedy but to pronounce such a man incapable of civil authority. The "deposing power" is, in other words, nothing more than the right inherent in Christianity, and as a matter of leadership, and pre-eminently as the exponent of Christian doctrine in the Popes, of seeking and providing the means for the observance of the scriptural injunction, "We ought to obey God rather than man." Acts 5 : 29.

Towards the latter part of the middle ages the emperors and kings of Europe, by continued and violent usurpations, concentred all civil authority in their persons, and hence the exercise of this inalienable Christian right received the name of the "deposing power," because it would have been only a vain pretence without the deposition of the tyrant. Translated into modern parlance, the same power would be expressed by the word "agitation," and every repeal of a penal enactment against Catholicism is a successful effort of this identical power. It was precisely the same principle that actuated O'Connell in the nineteenth century, and Gregory the Seventh in the eleventh. The one brought an emperor to his knees; the other tore to shreds the paper despot of Britain. Had George IV, despite parliamentary act and ministerial counsel, adhered to his resolution, then the Liberator, in order to be consistent, should have advocated his removal from the throne and utter overthrow.

The world has already witnessed the exercise of this same right under three different aspects. Martyrdom was its earliest phase. The primitive Christians would not obey man in religious matters; and as man would not be disobeyed, there was left to the Christian but one avenue of escape, and that lay through the realm of death. In mediæval times Christians adhered to the same precept; and as they could force the human to yield, they threw it down. In modern times, even in our own days, man tries to force Christians to disobey God, but to as little purpose. They, now as of old, exercise this right of freeing themselves from the sinful necessity, some by peaceful agitation and civil measures, others by forfeiting their worldly goods and suffering themselves to be thrown into dungeons, shamefully dishonored by forsworn and base governmental hirelings and ambitious under-tyrants. It may be justly called the "unresisting power," the "suffering power," or the "protesting power," as well as the "deposing power."

Some, even Catholic advocates, pretend it was a political accident that consigned this right to the Popes. The peculiar feature of it exercised in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, was, without doubt, such an accident. But the manifestation or peculiar garb

that it wears, has worn, or might wear in any age, is not the right. This, like all other things Catholic, is an integral part of Catholicism, and inseparable from it. Pope Pius IX has it in its plenitude, as had Gregory, Innocent, or Boniface. Those self-constituted apologists, who are ever urging the plea that the state of the world that then was, demanded the interference of the Popes, are more zealous than wise. It might be said of them, as St. Paul said of the Jews, "For I bear them witness that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." Rom. 10: 2. Nothing is more certain than that the nations of those days were, both in their internal structure and practical workings, equally as enlightened, as moral, as jealous of liberty, and as strict in their administration of justice, as any nation of our own time. Why should the Popes interfere then, and not now, as well? It is true that feudalism ruled the civilized world in those ages; that barons administered a rude justice to their dependants, and oftentimes set at nought the laws of the land. But the same thing is done still, with this difference: that whilst barons were petty despots in that olden time, they are tyrants on a larger scale now; whilst they appealed to the sword, our royal baronage signal their artillery trains; and whilst the followers of the mediæval baron were numbered by hundreds, the followers of king, kaiser, autocrat, or oligarch—the modern appellations—are made up of countless millions. Individual liberties and individual rights were not things unknown. The man of the "dark ages" had a due sense of personal freedom, and more than a due sense of it. If the Popes, therefore, claimed a power then, when the world was Catholic, and disclaim the same power now, because the obstinacy of heresy would not allow it, we will have, according to our own showing, the head of the Church merely a "cunning usurper," what Protestantism and other systems of error have, in vain, tried to demonstrate. Only an ear and heart, too open to the vociferous charges of oppression continually bellowed forth by the false liberalists of the age against the acts of the Popes of the "middle ages," could seduce Catholics to such a futile attempt at conciliation by a disparagement and misinterpretation of that papal power, as inherent in the See of Rome as infallibility itself, and of which it is the consequence and genuine outcome.

Nor is it that terrible monster that the opponents of the papacy pretend. "For rulers are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then be not afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise from the same." Rom. 13: 3. A Pope cannot exercise it in caprice or by whim; but when driven by necessity or prudential foresight. The ruler of a country might be an idolater or atheist, and yet, as long as he does not interfere with either the doctrines or morals of Catholics, he is entitled to, and receives from the Church, the same homage and obedience that would be accorded even to the Pope himself in the capacity of a civil ruler. On the other hand, were the king a saint, and commanded an unjust thing (as he might do, for saints are not infallible in either faith or morals), his commands would be reprehended by this same power, and Catholics would be forced either to suffer death, as in the primitive times; to depose him, as in mediæval days; or to allow the minions of tyranny to buffet them and lead them as dumb beasts to loathsome dungeons, as happens in our own "enlightened" hour.

Every man who believes in Christianity recognizes such a right. Protestants of various sects deposed sovereigns because they infringed their peculiar doctrines; and to the

eternal infamy of Anglicanism be it remembered that James II was dethroned and exiled, because he would not permit Anglicans to dictate convictions and tenets to those who abhorred both their creed and canons. The blot of ruining and persecuting a ruler for declaring "liberty of conscience" does not adhere to this much calumniated "deposing power." But it does look awkward and distressing on the highly lauded escutcheon of the noble family of "liberalists." It is the bar sinister that covers the field of honesty in their heraldic devices.

The supremacy of the Church over the State does not, therefore, consist in having its ministers' civic officials fattening on the spoils of the poor, and neglecting the care of souls and the instruction of the people; nor in sending envoys from Rome to snatch the sceptre from the hand and smite with it the face of the ruler; nor in hunting down heretics, and breaking them on the wheel or torturing them on the rack; nor in dragooning conventiclers from their meeting-houses to Catholic churches, for all those practices were peculiar to some times and circumstances in a few countries, and were invented rather for political reasons than prompted by religious motives. The real supremacy of the Church is derived radically from its divine Author; secondly, from its wonderful office on earth; and humanly or rationally from its indispensable influences.

It would have been idle and aimless in past ages to assert that the Catholic Church has its foundation and everlasting mission from Jesus Christ, for this was both known and admitted by all. But the world has receded so far from revealed truth that many, even multitudes of people, not only deny the divinity of Christ, but exclude a Deity from very existence. It need hardly be mentioned that this class is neither more highly gifted with rational faculties, nor in any way superior to ordinary mortals in acquired knowledge. What they make a boast of doing the simplest could do. "The fool says in his heart there is no God." Why they do so is because they are endowed by nature with free wills, as all men are. But whether admitted or not, the Church claims, and has a divine Founder and divine authority; and is, therefore, beyond man's power to make or unmake. It is something, consequently, over and above man, and comes to him, but does not come from him. As everything that proceeds from the hand of God is perfect in its kind, much more, then, is His holy Church beyond the possibility of improvement from human hands.

The office of the Catholic Church is to lead man to his supernatural destiny. To accomplish this it is enriched with graces from heaven,—faith, morality, and grace. It instructs the mind, restrains the animal propensities, purifies and elevates the heart, fortifies the will, and chastens the whole moral nature. It makes man less carnal and more spiritual, removes the mortal from his thoughts and clothes him in the bright hope of immortality, gives comfort to his sorrows, counsel to his doubts, knowledge to his ignorance, peace to his strife, and patience in his afflictions. The elevation of man, in a word, is its peculiar and eternal office. This man cannot do for himself; neither can men do it for him. In every instance where states have made provisions for the advance of any science or department of intellectual or moral culture, when it was not the object to render such subservient tools of the civil power, they invariably chose their models from the Church's institutes. But, in general, the zeal of statesmen, for such foundations, where the physical and moral are blended, or an attempt is made to blend them, is fired by the desire to make of man a good civil machine, termed technically a "law-abiding citizen." A law-abiding citizen may,

however, be, and very frequently is, a cunning, cruel, unprincipled, and griping miser, without noble impulse, generous heart, feeling soul, or thought of true manhood. He lives in covetousness, and dies in despair. The Church, on the contrary, takes the child from the arms of the parents, washes the soul from the foul blot of original sin, recommits it with grave admonition to their guardianship, watches over the innocency of youth, instructs the growing mind, tutors the guileless heart, obstructs the approach of evil, and makes the maturing man feel his great station and high dignity in life, while disclosing to him his future exceeding great heritage in heaven. Such training, no matter who or what usurps the office, none can bestow but the Church.

There is hardly one so inconsiderate in a public station, who does not perceive and proclaim the salutary influences of religion in the preservation of good order and the observance of the amenities of civilized life. It is now conceded that without religion of some sort, civilization is impossible either in kind or duration. As other systems of religious belief than those which are more or less Christian are now of no avail, and as the Catholic Church alone has all that Revelation bestowed, and every salutary injunction of natural justice and morality, its indispensable priority to communal life, in all its branches and combinations, is confessed by the inseparable necessities of consequent civilization.

Thus the supremacy of the Church over the State stands established on the firmest grounds,—the authority of God, the interest of man, and the advantage of the common weal. Constitutions and national charters, in general, are suspended from one or other of the two last of those supports, rarely from the two combined, and never, except in the case of a theocracy, do they embrace all three.

This superiority does not consist in commanding men to cut their garments after a peculiar mode and from a special cloth, or to sell cattle at a certain price, or make machinery of a uniform material, or pay a stipulated percentage in taxes or Peter's pence, or in any such secular matter. But it does persist that religion is the prime concern of man, and possession of the whole truth, as it is taught by the Church of Christ speaking by its divinely commissioned head, the Pope, the greatest treasure of this mundane existence; that no State and no power on earth has a right to prohibit the exercise of this religion, or to frame enactments compelling Catholics to acts condemned by Christian morality; that the Church has a right to instruct all men, individually and collectively, in youth and in age, in all things that pertain to faith or morals. This is the supremacy claimed, and if Christianity is anything more than a fable, it can never lessen or throw aside such a claim. Any form of Christian belief that submits to learn its duties and its doctrines from any State whatever, acknowledges by the submission that the State is better instructed in revelation and morality than itself, which is supremely absurd. Such a pretending religious combination may make a useful matter of police, but is a laughable Christian teacher.

Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. Matt. 22 : 21. This was said by the divine Founder of the Church nearly two thousand years ago, and she has continued to repeat it to every generation since. It would seem that this utterance ought to have set aside all controversy between the Church and Christian States, but nothing of the kind has happened. The conflict was from the beginning and still continues. The reason is not far to seek. If the State, as in the nature of things it should, submitted to have its peculiar property and rights defined by

the Church, or allowed the Church to circumscribe without interference and with inviolability on the part of the State her own sphere, then there would be no longer dissension. But this is refused by every nation. States have proclaimed, and yet proclaim, as Cæsarian rights, liberty to frame a national creed to suit their whims, to teach a national morality of whatever color they choose, to inculcate reverence for some things and abhorrence of other matters, to lead the child, to compel the man to submit his conscience to their statutes. But the Church denies Cæsar's title to those matters, and hence the antagonism. To end the contention, one way alone is open, and that is to let the individual free either to account them belonging to God or Cæsar each in his own case.

Partisan politics have so warped the judgment of man that individual liberty is altogether overlooked or scouted. The sphere of reserved natural rights in a civilized community could be indefinitely enlarged beyond those of breathing the atmosphere or drinking from the clear spring. Man is never justified in yielding, when he can refuse without penalty, to any government liable to abuse them other of his rights than those which are necessary to its conservation as a big policeman. Cæsar, outside his beat, is an intruder, whether in the church, the school, the domestic circle, or the goldmart, and should be called back to his post.

It is time for governments to cease seeking after that mysterious being—the "public good," which has neither sense nor feeling, and very often no existence, by causing so much private misery, which is both very sensitive, and makes its complaints very audibly. To pretend that States are spiritual agencies in any proper sense, when many of them in theory and most in practice deny even the existence of spirits, is as foolish and silly as to declaim on spiritual development,—the madness of the philosophic sciolists of the hour. Men who appreciate liberty as the best of temporal blessings and a great aid to eternal felicity, instead of aggrandizing Cæsar and so endangering this possession, should learn to utter the words put into the mouth of Brutus by the immortal Shakspeare, "and death for his ambition."

THE RHYME OF RYDAL SANDS.

The blue waves dash on Rydal Sands,
The foam-wreaths fall like snow,
Where, fair and proud, a ladye sat
Five hundred years ago.
The broken radiance of her hair
Swept down her silk cymar,
And in her hand a goblet rare
Was shining like a star.

She cast her goblet in the sea;
She cried with mirthful glance:
"Whoever brings that cup to me,
This night shall, at the banquet, be
My partner in the dance!"

Out plunged a page of noble rank
To seek the golden cup;
The tide was high; he rose; he sank;
Rose once again; then sank, and sank,
And never more came up.

Loud laughed the ladye to the sea;
Her deep eyes blazed like fire:
"Whoever brings yon cup to me,
This night, upon his bended knee,
Shall soothe me with his lyre!"

Another plunge where sharp reefs rise,
By dimpling waters crossed—
Lo! glaring in its dread surprise,
A mangled face with ghastly eyes
Swept up, and then was lost.

Loud laughed once more that child of sin,
And laughing still she cried:
"These noble youths have luckless been,
But he who brings that cup shall win
And wear me for his bride!"

Up rose, up floated then and there,
A merman towards the dame,
A sea-king fair, with em'rald hair
And lips and eyes of flame;
Upon his breast the golden cup
He held with grasp discreet,
As with the tide he drifted up
And cast it at her feet.

"Oh, ladye! flower of the Sands!
I come for thee," he cried;
"My lyre shall sound thee sea-romaunts,
My hand shall lead thee thro' the dance,
And thou shalt be my bride!"

He clasped her wrist; he clasped her waist;
Her shrieks the heavens rent;
He clasped her wrist; he clasped her waist,
And down, they circling went.

The blue waves dash on Rydal Sands,
The pure shells gem the shore,
And coasting ships and fisher skiffs
Go by forever more;
But when the moonlight on the land
In dreamy beauty sleeps,
A ghostly ladye walks that strand
And wrings her hands and weeps.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SOME LETTERS.

I.

THE READER.

THEY were not "yellow and wrinkled with age," nor were they tied with "faded blue ribbon," nor yet were they traced in "dainty, Italian penmanship." Therefore, "to all intents and purposes," were they wanting in the acknowledged elements of letters which enter into stories. They were written on "commercial note," the whiteness of which was still in its prime, at least; and the hand which boldly made its way over the well-filled pages, was large, and round, and firm, but not pretty, and as for the tying, it was quite evident they had been held together by a piece of ordinary twine, which lay coiled in a tangle at the feet of a girl, who sat, holding one of the letters in a hand that trembled, and reading it eagerly, and with absorbed air of attention, while, on the others, a jealous touch of detention and guard was laid with the idle hand, a touch which seemed to say, "you shall not escape." She was a fair girl, of the type with complexion like apple-bloom, and eyes of hazel-gray, and hair of brown called "common," but beautiful, when examined attentively, luxuriant, and with waves that were like a dream of rising and falling, and hue that held in its mystery of shadow a reflection of the ebon tint called "rare." The gracious and inviting aspect of youth clothed in its mantle of charm her whole figure, from crown of bent head to tip of foot, peeping out from under the hem of a very plain dress, and, without being beautiful, or even remarkable, but with the condition of being just the sort of looking person one meets with every day, and in all kinds of homes, she unconsciously formed a tableau out of herself, and the letters, which, to any lover of "pictures from real life," would have presented a most enticing aspect. The room in which she sat was of the cheerful and quiet, but not magnificent order. It looked out on a porch, which supported a load of summer bloom, and sent therein its surplus fragrance to fill with magical dreams the silent air, which softly touched her glowing cheek, or breathed upon the shadows lying asleep in the silken waves of her hair. The ceiling was low, and the furniture old-fashioned, but in the little windows bloomed fuchsias and geraniums of gorgeous hue, and nothing like a curtain was to be seen about them, but instead, clambering vines of the delicate, graceful ivy. A small room, and rather bare, as regarded furniture—not a girl's room, too, you would have said, by reason of the absence of certain little touches of neatness, inseparable from the ownership of a feminine proprietor. Item: a ponderous desk, covered with papers, and—dust. Item: an ancient sofa, strewed over with volumes of divers aspects, and disordered piles of magazines, and—dust. Item: a mantelpiece groaning under the weight of half-empty tobacco-boxes, pipes of "fearful and wonderful" make, almanacs of varied aspect—*miscellanea*, such as fish-hooks, shot, nails, screws, rolls of wire, rolls of twine, pebbles, shells, pine-cones, bits of moss, specimens of rock, beautiful little statues, and—dust. And so on. It was an armchair of wooden aspect in which she sat, with the fragrant air touching her cheek and hair, and with her mind absorbed from all her surroundings by the perusal of No. 1 of the letters. The back of the chair might have been stiff, and let us add, hard, but a

travelling shawl of gray woollen fabric was doubled and redoubled, and tied thereon by a leather strap. And the seat held possibility of unyielding quality, but an overcoat, folded in like manner, peeped out in shaggy brown from where, truth compels me to record, a slippered foot was thrust up under the sitter, pushing aside the drapery of the aforesaid plain dress, very plain calico of white ground, with blue forget-me-nots tumbling over it promiscuously, in a way bewildering to any venturous eye that might hope to resolve them into a pattern; no ruffle, no fold, not even an overskirt, and at the neck and wrists a little ripple of white, marvellously silky cambric. A venturous eye was gazing at all this, a masculine eye, a most indubitably enchanted eye. Do not build up a love story on my candid and indeed necessary mention of this eye, for you will be disappointed. It looked from out a wrinkled, yet softly blooming face, and the well-shaped brows above it were silver, and over the temples that rose above them, silver waves of hair gathered softly, like a crown that loved its resting-place. It was an eye of the rarest, deepest blue; an eye that might once have held magical power in "looking love," or in pleading for love's look in return, but now the misty and merciful touch of age had softened its fires, and where their wonderful heats had glowed, a steady, peaceful radiance sat regnant, awaiting that one moment of supreme shadow death brings, to be succeeded for evermore by light eternal. Gradually the look grew sweeter and softer, more and more absorbed; gradually, over the marked and handsome face of the aged watcher, stole that tenderest of tender shadows, memory mutely struggling with some unfulfilled longing; and, as if these drew him to the unconscious reader of the letters, gradually his steps moved lightly towards the open door, till, on its well-worn threshold, he "stood confessed," but she never noticed him, never heard him. So he smiled furtively to himself, and remained motionless, indulging in a very abyss of luxury produced by the undisturbed contemplation. The eagerness of perusal, by degrees, became toned down by something more than mere interest working at the innermost depths of the reader's heart, and softly over the face of bloom crept the look of youth's beautiful, unconditional pity; then this was driven away by something very like hate, that swept as a storm-cloud across the expressive face, and when the old man saw it there, his eyes drooped and sought the ground, and seemed altogether incapable of watching longer. But after a time they timidly rose again to find a gust of sorrow in the place of the angry storm-cloud, and a rain of tears falling on the letter, lips quivering, bosom heaving, finally, a great sob, a casting of the letter to the floor, a cry of—

"Oh! I cannot go on. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Then she saw him.

"Well, Roseleaf, and so it crumples thee," he said, and came in and sat beside her, and laid a caressing hand on her shoulder; "thy velvet is disturbed, my Roseleaf, and a thorn brusheth against thee!"

It was a half playful, half compassionate tone, and the being addressed as Roseleaf "smiled through her tears like a sunbeam in showers."

"It's the most awful thing I ever knew of!" said she, wiping her eyes, and proceeding to smile more, when he answered:

"This Roseleaf has heard of so much in its long life, that it is not easy for anything to earn that title."

"Now, my Plato, you mock me!"

"Nay, proceed, little Roseleaf; the letters are indeed a tragedy, and thy Plato hath reason to know it well; *ergo*, he hath no right to mock thee; *ergo*, if mockery lieth in his late speech, he taketh it back."

"'Plato, thou reasonest well,'" and Roseleaf proceeded to fill a pipe, in a deft and bewitching way, which revealed that she was no stranger to the task; "therefore thy Roseleaf will reward thee. There," pointing to the haven of comfort, covered with travelling-shawl and overcoat, "I vacate in Plato's favor, not that 'I love comfort less, but that I love Plato more.'"

"Oh, rare, rare Roseleaf!" and he laid himself back with an air that the veriest Sybarite would have pronounced his ideal realized, while she, kneeling playfully on one knee, presented him with the pipe, now filled, a wondrous pipe of antique pattern, and *colored* to a degree that was sufficient to make any connoisseur in such articles gaze in convulsions of envy at its possessor.

"Thanks, most sweet Roseleaf!" and there was deep tenderness lying under the gentle badinage of the tone. "And now proceed with thy reading, and let this 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of thine, hold permitted watch over thy varying emotions this time."

"Then make believe, O Plato, that thou watchest not, but seem buried in this tome which I present thee, Virgil, by magic title!"

He took the book.

"I, forthwith, am in Virgil lost; though, mayhap, O Roseleaf, I may keep an eye upon thy telltale face!"

Soon the smile their playful style of conversation had brought to her face, gave way to a most touching shadow that settled thereon; soon the gentle bosom heaved again, and the lips quivered, and the tears dropped one by one in quick succession upon the letter eagerly read. And he—Virgil, was sadly slighted, indeed, the "magic page" had no charm like that which dwelt in the pathos on the young face before him. There was something of an appalled look, too, in the eagerness with which he watched it, and a shadow of remorse often passed swiftly over his countenance. At length, a letter was laid down, and she gave him a horrified, imploring glance—

"Oh, I am afraid to go on! How—tell me, how did it end?"

"By the merciful and magnificent Providence of God," he answered in a tone of quiet reverence, impressive beyond measure; "do not be afraid to go on! The ending of any history of a heart, which places its struggle unreservedly in the hand of God, can never be aught to contemplate with horror, but must always be something to dwell upon and treasure up as a talisman of holy influence."

So she went on. By degrees her speaking face grew softly settled into a peaceful hush of absorbed attention; then smiles lit it, and, at the end, kissing with a sort of reverence the signature attached to the last letter, she looked up at him with a very heaven of trust and love in her eyes, and said:

"How beautiful! How plainly I read the lesson for me! How well I see, my Plato, why you gave me your letters to read!"

"It is well, sweet Roseleaf!" with a smile of placid satisfaction said the Mentor she tenderly, but it would seem most appropriately denominated Plato; "my own life, which, to thy tender judging, is replete with strife for the right, hath drawn all its wisdom and all its noble aspirations from those letters."

He lifted them with a touch such as we lay on a lock of hair from some dear head mouldering in the grave, or a relic made holy, because a saint has handled it; and, as one by one he laid them in order, she saw that the blue of his drooping eyes were suffused with tears. So she looked no more, but going to the little window, bent her head over the gorgeous bloom of the roses and fuchsias, that he might be free to let them fall unobserved. They gathered, they fell, but he said:

"Nay, little Roseleaf, look on!

I am not ashamed of these tears, and when you understand from *whose* eyes they fell, you will think it but meet that they should fall in the presence of the whole world, and all the more if they brought him shame. He whom you call Plato, whom you think good and wise, to whom your guileless reverence and your unquestioning love are the most undeserved of gifts, is the"— he paused an instant, with a look of piteous and wistful import in his eyes, and then exchanging it for one of grave determination, added, "Horace Plowden, of the story."

His words were caught up and echoed in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, and she turned away her face, and burst into a passion of weeping pitiable to look upon, and, for the time, entirely uncontrollable. He stood silent before her, and with the air of one enduring a fierce ordeal, but enduring it with invincible resignation; with the air of one stabbed to the heart's inmost core, but heroic in bearing the pain of the wound; the air of one who suffered without striving to resist or yet to alleviate.

It was a simple story, unfortunately an every-day one. Would you read it?

II.

THE LETTERS.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, April 3d, 18—

DEAREST MAMMA:

Only yesterday, and yet it seems a weary length of time since I saw you, and felt your precious, farewell tears upon my face! What a weary, weary length till I again know the joy of being near you! But I should not commence my letter with complaints; that is selfish, and one with my purpose in view should forget self entirely.

Dear, dear mamma, let me forget self in you. Let me say the separation would lose half its pain for your spoiled child, only she is certain your loneliness and grief surpass hers. That I can indeed say with truth; not for one moment since I left you has the desolate picture you made, standing alone on the platform at our most forlorn of country stations, as the train bore me away from you, been absent from my mind. But you know that; no need for me to write it here. You know my heart, and that it is all yours, and though we are separated now, I hope to lay its every thought and feeling open before you in my letters, as I did at home in our dear and now sacred conversations.

Let me reveal to you, as a first confidence, my own mamma, what I would not tell you before, lest it should make you prevent my undertaking. It is, that when I first thought of earning my own bread, in order that out of your little income Harry could have a college course, I believed my heart would break, not for my own lot, but for your desolation when I would be gone. That we had always been so completely one, that to each other we were life of life itself, only increased this feeling. I prayed against it, and, you will remember, I talked bravely to you of how you could cheer yourself in my absence; but now that you are *alone*, I want you to understand *I* know how utterly so. And you praise my self-sacrifice, but it is only a faint shadow of what you practice, giving up so cheerfully our dear cottage home for one poor little room, that Harry's expenses may be paid, and doing without me besides. Dearest mamma, Harry ought to become a very paragon amongst men, to repay *you*—my part is the brighter lot, for my deprivation of your presence is its greatest evil. For the rest, I am comfortably situated, my duties are pleasant, I have ample time for intellectual pursuits, which always suffice for me in place of society, and so you must not fret about me.

The place here is charming in aspect. Mr. Wardour is a man who spends lavishly, and his home gives evidence of the propensity. He is not often here, being absorbed in a certain round of society, where he is king; playing, racing, shooting, quite the style of man found in English novels, but of which I would never dream any existed in America. Indeed, mamma, the whole place seems to me an English novel moved into life by some invisible machinery; and the machinery is very nice, and the spectacle on the surface faultless, but soul is wanting; you understand? Magnificent establishment, castellated building, beautiful and irreproachably kept grounds, carriage, horses of fabulous value for saddle or traces; retinue of servants, from lordly butler to little errand-boy; master with splendid physique and handsome face; mistress perfectly beautiful, elegantly dressed, and completely absorbed in the world; two pretty, winsome children, little fairies in fashion-plate costume, even when they go to bed, and the bed is in the style of a picture from *Harper's Bazar*, and the nursery, ditto, and the garden where they recreate themselves, ditto; the girl who attends to their dainty bodily wants is French, and wears a French cap, and would do splendidly to introduce into one of the aforesaid plates. The governess, well, mamma, I really am the only concomitant to this English novel on wheels, out of keeping with the general get-up of the thing, but I *am* out of keeping with it very much. Nobody seems to mind me, though, so I suppose I'll do; I am left completely to myself as regards the children. Mr. Wardour said, when I arrived:

"Miss Leon, choose your own hours for these children's lessons. At those hours they shall be ready for you, and at all others shall not be permitted to annoy you. There are servants to attend to them when not receiving instruction from you. Here is a check for your first quarter's salary in advance; it shall be paid punctually at the beginning of each term for the future. If you know of any arrangement that will further your comfort, always mention it, and it shall be attended to."

I thanked him, and then he bowed and left me. I was then taken up to Mrs. Wardour's handsome boudoir, who addressed me languidly thus:

"Miss Leon, pray consider yourself at home, and I beg of you take my place to these children, for really there must be some art in attending to them, and I don't pretend to have it. I suppose governesses make it a point to acquire it. I have told them they must state their complaints of the nurse and servants to you, and please attend to them. And pray, see that they don't come to my dressing-room unless I send for them. There, Lulie and Daisy, go shake hands with Miss Leon, and make friends with her."

Just imagine, mamma! this was the maternal speech. They came forward shyly, little blonde creatures, with hair like spun gold, and for all the world like twin blossoms on which the sunlight had settled. I will confess I forgot conventionalities, and smothered them with kisses, and hugged them hungrily to the heart aching with longing for you.

"You're nice," said Lulie.

"I bet you know stories," said Daisy.

"Will you stay?" said Lulie.

"Yes, this time," said Daisy; "not wait till next time."

"Yes, this time, teases," said Mrs. Wardour; "take Miss Leon up to the west room, children, and ring for Emma to see if she wants anything. Excuse me, Miss Leon, but I am very much fatigued, and must rest to prepare for evening, when I hold a reception."

So Lulie and Daisy ushered me to an apartment, which also seemed to have stepped out of a book. I sup-

pose these things all seem so unreal to me, because I have never seen anything like them before, living the quiet life of the past in our humble little cottage. I will not stop to describe the room to you, for it would make my letter too long, but I will say a strange thing, which is, that, though it was so new to me, and contained luxuries to which I was entirely unaccustomed, I felt quite at home with it and them, just as if I had had them all my life. Going to show, dear old lady, reading this with moistening eyes, that your aristocratic blood in these veins will assert itself, no matter what happens to make a nonentity out of it.

Well, I will spend many hours with these twin blossoms, not intended by the liberal programme of the parents. I find them hungry in the midst of abundance; lonely in the midst of splendor; orphaned, in very truth, with parents in the possession of God's most bountiful gifts. So I try to fill all these empty places, and to print on the loving, yearning little souls, some marks of their fair possession of immortality.

One thing more, and then I must close. It is such a strange thing, mamma; it might quite easily have stepped out of a book too.

This morning, by sunrise, I was up, and went out to enjoy a view of the grounds and scenery by the morning light. As I was about to enter the house by a side door set in a pretty pavilion of honeysuckle and ivy, a person, leaning with woeful look against the trellis, confronted me, a young man, with pale face and bandaged eyes, carelessly, indeed shabbily dressed. He listened intently, and, at sound of my step, said:

"Please show me in. Alfred has left me again."

I thought he took me for one of the servants, and that I had better not dispel the illusion. I saw his afflicted state, and feared it might mortify him to reveal myself really. So I took him lightly by the arm, and guided him into the hall. Here I was about to leave him, but he said:

"Ah! you must be a strange servant, or you would know I am blind, and cannot find my way to my room. Come, it is on the fourth landing, and if you bring me to it you will have done an act of charity."

I led him up four long flights of the magnificent staircase, which is a picture in itself—you know how I used to love descriptions of grand staircases; well, I have seen one now—and then he said:

"Third door to the right."

So I led him to that, and then I opened the door. It was a little turret room, bare and shabby—nay, dirty, mamma. He said, "Thank you. Are you Emma, the new chambermaid?"

"No," I said in a kind of whisper. I really don't know why I didn't want him to hear my voice, mamma, but I didn't.

"What is your name, then?" he asked.

Neither do I know why I said "Beatrice," but that's what I said.

"Beatrice!" he echoed softly, as I walked away; "that is '*blessed.*'"

I looked back. He was leaning forward in the doorway, listening intently for the sound of my retreating footsteps. The outline of his head was beautiful, I thought, like some sculptured bust with bandaged eyes.

I wonder who he is, and if I will ever see him again, mamma. What do you think about it?

Good-night, oh! dear good-night. A thousand kisses from your

BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, May 1st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I was so happy when I read your dear letter—it seemed a sweet, sweet echo of yourself, and I will attend

to all your dear advice. I am glad you are so cheerful, and that you find solace in petting my plants, and reading my favorite passages, and collecting the dear little home items which I prize above all words of mine to tell. I heard from Harry, and he says he is trying hard to make himself worthy of our sacrifices. Just think, mamma, how happy we will all be together in the future, when he will be practicing his profession, and we will be reunited in some smiling little home! Let us dream of it—dreams are beautiful things, and innocent things, holding precious possibilities and equally precious impossibilities.

The novel on wheels still pursues the even tenor of its magnificent way. I have fallen quite naturally into *my* groove, I know, and am even conscious of having instinctively borrowed a little style from my surroundings. I hope your Bee will not grow unrecognizable, but, you know, we are all creatures of imitation.

You will smile that innocent smile of wonder so peculiarly your own, dear old lady, when I tell you I have never seen either Mr. or Mrs. Wardour since the day I came to speak to them. I find he spends nearly all his time away from home, and she is too "fatigued" after the nights to be visible much during the days. I cannot tell you how extraordinary it seems to me, to see two people with souls and brains spending their lives as they do. Of course I heard of such things before I came here, but you cannot understand how far imagination falls short of the actual thing, as presented to my contemplation every day. There is, necessarily, a sort of loneliness in my life here, but it is not unpleasant. I, poor I, without a possession in this world, am actually mother and father, light and hope, instruction and amusement, for these utterly desolate little children God has intrusted to my care. I live with them and for them. No one interferes with me or notices me at all. They really love me, and, having naturally good dispositions, I have won them from some spoiled ways consequent upon their former want of training. Dearest mamma, whenever I am puzzled as to what is best to do for their good, I remember your method with Harry and me in the past, and I follow it to the letter.

I have not time to say much more, only I am sorry you seem anxious about my meeting with the blind young man. I have met him once since, in the morning again, and taken him to his room, and he said, gently:

"You are not a servant."

I answered:

"No, I am the children's governess."

He then said:

"I beg your pardon," and his air was thoroughly gentlemanly; "my name is Plowden!" he bowed as if introduced to me in a parlor. "I do not own any words that could be a fitting apology for my mistake, and must only let these"—he pointed to his bandaged eyes—"plead for me. He who cannot see, has to trust much to his sense of hearing, and the first occasion of your kindness you spoke so little."

"I feared a stranger's voice might possibly embarrass you," I said.

A flush rose to his cheeks, mamma, as rosy as that which might come to a girl's, and then he smiled:

"And you thought the blind man could not find out that you were not a servant?"

"I thought so," I replied. "How did you find it out?"

"By that voice," he answered, in so hushed a tone I feared some one might be near who he thought would listen. I looked around, and could see no one, however; and then said he:

"The servant Alfred who guides me to my only walk, sometimes forgets to come, and I foolishly grope

my way out, rather than lose the, to me, blessed chance of the fresh air, and invariably find it impossible to get back alone. Generally some one of the servants happens to pass, and brings me right. Hence my mistake. Will you forgive it?"

"Certainly," I answered, "it was but a natural one, and your affliction should claim far more consideration than that."

I will confess that, as I said this, my eyes wandered in imagination over the faultless establishment, and I wondered what position did the blind man own, that his room was so neglected, and that the servant Alfred wantonly failed to give him the attendance so piteously needed. I involuntarily sighed at the thought of how truly desolate his young life must be, and how intense the deprivation he suffered, and, at sound of the sigh, his cheek flushed again.

"You are generous," he said; "you must never have come much in contact with the cruel, hollow world, which stings while it pities, ruins while it courts; drags towards an unsparing abyss, while it leads; which has no gift but poison, and no reward but bitterness."

"Nay," said I—I could not help it, mamma, and I don't know why I said it—"that could only be a world in which there is no God; where there is one, waits a mission of noble striving for every individual soul, and he who works at this, never finds what you describe, for to such it cannot come."

"And God?" I thought his tone was a challenge.

"Is 'everywhere,'" I was compelled, by some force, not my own, to answer, and then to add, "even into the deepest darkness does He follow the soul with call of love."

I will confess to you, mamma, I was frightened after I had ceased to speak, for an instinct of antagonism had arisen within me, and I feared my voice betrayed it. He only said, as I turned to go:

"Beautiful! But hard, almost impossible to reduce to reality."

I did not trust myself to answer, but walked away, very nervous, and very much disturbed generally. And as I must let you see, as in a mirror, every impulse of my soul in these letters, so I must tell you here, that this happened nearly two weeks ago; and yet the thought of this desolate being continues to haunt me. It seems fearful to think what must be his suffering, rendered doubly hard by the element of skepticism contained in what he said, no sweet thought following him into that darkness, all bitter, all doubting.

Then such a mystery, mamma! Who or what can he be, to live in such utter neglect, where all else is abundance and beauty? And why are you anxious, dear old lady? Surely, no danger can arise from doing a sufferer a chance kindness; least of all in this novel on wheels has this desolate and helpless being any power to influence *my* life or its belongings.

Good night. Lay that gentle touch of the dearest hand in the world on my head, and say "God bless"

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, June 21st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I told you this was a beautiful place, and I thought so. Now I think it is only one remove from celestial, with "the glow and the glory of June" added to its former splendor of bloom. It is literally plunged in a sea of roses, out of which rise waves of wonderful tints, laden with fragrance. I only wish you could see it, that is all required to make my enjoyment of it complete. It is very strange to me, too, that an entirely indescribable sense of happiness pervades the place for me, probably inseparable from its beauty—not that I long for you less, dear old lady;

not that I am, for one moment, insensible to the void of your absence, but God seems to have sent me comfort, which I take lovingly and with grateful heart.

My little twin-blossoms are not eclipsed by their sister flowers; they are quite as beautiful, quite as sweet, quite as rare as they. I believe I have seen Mrs. Wardour once, and Mr. Wardour twice, since I wrote last, and then only for a few minutes each time. So you may gather from this, how exactly they move in their appointed grooves of this novel on wheels.

I have become very well acquainted with Mr. Plowden, however, and this was the way it came about. I always spend a part of each day in the library, which is an exquisitely inviting apartment for reading or studying, and rich in its possession of rare volumes, and most perfect editions of all favorite writers. It opens into a conservatory, from the recesses of which are wafted the perfume of exotics and a rippling, dreamy sound of a fountain's bubbling, which, combined, make the fortunate occupant of the library imagine himself transported to some region of perpetual summer. I was sitting here one day, shortly after I wrote to you last, when the door was opened gently, and I heard Mr. Plowden's voice, saying:

"That will do, Alfred; come for me in an hour."

Then, as he began feeling his way across the room, he said in a tone of supreme desolation:

"O horrible fate! No horror of yours so great as that I find in entering this room; all its treasures closed to me forever! It would indeed seem as if *this* were a world in which dwelt no God!"

"Yet no such world exists," I said, He did not start, but turned smilingly in the direction where I sat.

"So I have found you!" he said; "you see I do not mind that you have heard my impatient soliloquy!"

"But God heard it," I answered, and I know my voice trembled a little, spite of my efforts to prevent it.

"I never thought of that."

"Yet the thought would have held light for you," and the unseen power I have before mentioned to you, mamma, compelled me to say this.

"No thought of mine holds light," he answered bitterly.

"Yet light awaits entrance there at your simple word of invitation," I said.

"Speak of it to me," he replied; "my wretchedness grasps at any relief, and charity dwells in the tones of your voice."

I spoke; mamma, I know I was eloquent, inspired by my subject. He listened with the air of one who liked to listen. I cannot write for you all I said, it would take too long, but I know I said all that the most earnest desire to draw him to the contemplation of God's providence in his bitter affliction could suggest to me. At the end—

"I never sought this comfort of which you speak so beautifully and with such force of truth," said he, "but now I will strive to find it really. My life has been but a careless and wasted one, I fear, and my affliction, which is recent, has plunged me into a very abyss of unavailing discontent. 'Forgotten!' is the woful cry ringing through my brain—when a mother," such a bitter, bitter smile curled his lips, "forgets her child, no wonder the outer world, nay, the very hireling forgets him."

"Mother!" dropped from my lips in utter amazement.

"The beautiful mistress of this palace is my mother," he said in answer, "yet I live here—*alone*."

I could not speak, so great was my surprise. She looked so young, and acted so thoughtlessly, I never would have taken her to hold that relation to any one of his age.

"I see," he went on, "your

amazement strikes you dumb. As your patience with me has been so great, I will inflict on you my story."

I cannot tell it here just as he did, mamma. It unravelled all the mystery about him, however, in the simple facts that his mother, a young and lovely widow, but poor, had married Mr. Wardour, for an establishment; had obtained it thereby, had forthwith become absorbed in it and its belongings, to the exclusion even of him, though, in the days of their sorrow and poverty, he had been idolized. This always rankled in his soul, and he longed eagerly for the day, when he could cast aside the guardianship of his step-father, who gave him a finished education, and intended to establish him in the practice of whatever profession he would choose. Just as the day of liberty was about to dawn, an accidental explosion of some gunpowder he was preparing for a gunning expedition, deprived him of his sight, and he was condemned to the galling expedient of living in dependence on this hated rival, as he regarded him, for the rest of his life. So there he lived, as I had found him, in darkness, in silence, in wretched and utterly vain chafing at his lot; not persecuted, not wantonly pained, simply ignored, a complete nonentity in this novel on wheels. It would be impossible for me to tell you with what a vivid sense of his misery, I listened. I do not think his own soul could have entered more really into the realization of it than did mine. I am sure, mamma, no nobler mission could be found than the one to which I have now resolved to devote my leisure moments; that of alleviating his wretched loneliness, and influencing him to find in religion, the ray of light that can alone penetrate its gloom. We talked a long time that day, he telling of his thwarted plans for life and his buried hopes, I consoling and pointing out to him the ways of God in his regard. One of the most pathetic things revealed to me was, that the bareness of his room and the shabbiness of his garments, arose from his determination to accept of nothing but what was absolutely necessary from those who treated him with such utter indifference. It was a vain exercise of spirit, for it passed unnoticed. That the poor, black suit was threadbare, that the room was comfortless, that the appointed servant neglected him, were alike unheeded and unknown. Such is life, in a novel on wheels, at least.

Oh! I must stop—I am making my letter too long. I will only add, that ever since that day, I do all I can to mitigate the pain of Horace Plowden's peculiarly sad lot. I read to him in the library every day; I sing for him; I talk to him all the elevated thoughts of which I am capable. I walk with him in the morning, and once I stole his outside coat from where he had forgotten it on a garden seat when Alfred led him out one day, and darned it where the white lining showed at the elbows and front lappels. Of course I wouldn't tell these things to any one but you, not even Harry. I am strangely happy at it all, on account of the sense of being able to do so much good to even the humblest of God's creatures. I always wanted to accomplish something really for His glory, but never had the opportunity before. Even in this little while—it is only a little while since it began—Horace is a changed creature. He is beginning to find the light, and oh! glorious thought —*I* led him to it, through God's dear mercy!

Good-night, mamma, dearest, dearest! Pray for

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 3d, 18—.

DEAREST MAMMA:

You must know from my letters how exquisitely happy has been my

friendship with Horace, how beautifully the summer has passed away, and how noble he has become under the influence of religion; you can therefore judge of my sorrow when I tell you I am about to lose his society. It is my own doing too.

In all his talks with me, he has expressed the most intense desire to be able to earn his own living, as the blind often do, but he would not ask his mother or step-father to place him in the way of doing so, because he said they would look upon the measure as a blot upon their aristocratic escutcheon, and refuse. So I prayed for an opportunity of doing it myself. God has sent it.

Your old friend, Father Paul of the Passionists, called on me the other day, and I, knowing there was an institution for the blind in his city, spoke to him, telling him the whole pitiful story exactly as it existed. He was warmly interested, and commended my poor work, promising to crown it for me, if he could, by obtaining for us the desired favor.

To-day a letter came, saying all could be arranged, and to-morrow he leaves.

Knowing me as you do, dearest mamma, it is quite unnecessary for me to try to tell you how I shall miss him. Apart from the fact that it has pleased God to permit that I should be the means of rendering him resigned to his wretched lot, I have become conscious of a warm affection for him, inspired as much by respect for the true and noble qualities of mind and heart I have discovered in him, as for his tender gratitude and gentle kindness to me. A pair of ignored beings in this novel on wheels, we stepped out of our appointed grooves to find each other, to learn to esteem each other, and mutually, to become the hour of sunlight for each monotonous day in our gilded prison. But when some one dear, leaves this earth for heaven, the bereaved should hold tender and unselfish joy, that the spirit has found peace, even though desolation is their own lot, as a consequence. So I must rejoice, my friend is finding, by this departure, what will be to him a paradise on earth, making his misfortune no longer an abyss of darkness and chains, but a sphere in which he can be free to accomplish some noble life-task like other men.

I will set myself resolutely to fill the void made by his absence, by some other task of good, and thus turn it to an offering for God.

Daisy and Lulie are as sweet as ever. I have been telling them about you, and they send you kisses. Take the sweetest one she has from

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 15th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Don't you think that suffering holds in some secret depth a species of triumph? It is, I believe, because the road of the Cross is "the king's highway," and must needs be royal. Then, too, that suffering which you can bring to none but God, because no one else can understand it, holds most this triumph, so beautiful, so elevating, though under the royal purple of the robe it wraps about the heart, the wounds it inflicts are dropping blood to the ground.

This is the kind of sorrow I have now. I do not miss my friend like I thought I would—even a thousand times more. My very duties have become irksome, the duties I loved so dearly, so changed is the aspect of my day, because, out of it, the hours are gone which I spent with him. I do not understand this myself; I do not expect you to understand it, but God, who made the feeling for some wise purpose, as all His creations are wise, can do so perfectly. Dearest mamma, you do not seem to be altogether satisfied with what I said in my last letter about my friendship for Horace. It is not

like you to be ungenerous, but you seem actually to grudge him the little kindness I could give him. You talk of my "sacrificing" so much for this "stranger." Ah! there was no sacrifice; it was the most intense pleasure, as doing good to others must always be, a truth you taught me "your own self," as Daisy and Lulie would say. Then you say, "the world, and the male portion of it especially, is always ungrateful." I do not want my friend to be "grateful," and that settles that part of the matter. But let me tell you of our farewell; it was so beautiful.

"Beatrice," said he. He smiled as he said the name. He had never called me either Miss Leon or Beatrice before, nothing but "you," and I often wondered at it, but said nothing. Even in a place so strange as a novel on wheels, it is queer to be continually reduced to a pronoun, by an intimate "familiar."

I said, smiling, too,

"Yes, that is the name."

"Unused till now. I *may* call you 'Beatrice' now," and tears, I thought, stole into the voice, and arrayed themselves about the name, always beautiful, but never half so much so as in that moment.

"I may call you it now, dear," he went on, "for I need the name to tell what you have been to me, blessed—blessed. When first you said it long ago, it fell on my ear like a prophecy, and well has all its promise been fulfilled. You have made light in darkness—hope in despair—a lot too happy to be described out of one, the very deepest depth of earthly wretchedness. To teach one how to suffer is to teach him the most lofty lesson of life, and so to place him under commensurate obligations. How can your friend ever repay you?"

The tears, indignant ones, sprung hotly from my eyes, and I could not speak.

He listened a moment.

"What—have you no answer for me?" he cried.

"No," said I, "*no* answer for the friend, who speaks of 'repaying' friendship's willing service."

"Forgive me," he said then; "apart from this, it was folly to speak of repaying that for which there is no equivalent on earth, and even less of—"

"Stop," I interrupted, "you must not speak to me that way of our friendship, which God made so true and free from flaw. Let it remain so. Let all be of the tender indebtedness from which neither would be free, if it were possible."

"And from which I, who owe you all, have no wish to be; you must not interpret my words to mean I had. Ah! to leave you, Beatrice, is to leave that which has made me learn to deem my blindness a gift from God."

"All sorrow is," I said, "even this sorrow of our separation equally felt by me as by you. God will be with you, and even, if on earth, we should never meet again, heaven is at the end, and there all genuine friendship finds its true climax. In God and for God on earth, its fruition is sharing mutually his adorable society in heaven."

"Dear and noble words!" he cried, "I will take them with me for a memory, that shall be a sacred talisman against temptation, and a guard against my own weakness."

Then he took my hand very gently in his.

"My life, Beatrice," he said, in a hushed and solemn way, "is all yours. I have promised the God who sent you to me in my desolation, that if any future is contained for me in the career I am embracing, that future shall be placed in your hands to do with it as you will. Till then, farewell."

He was gone in a moment. God be with him. Pray for

YOUR BEE.

Father Paul to Beatrice Leon.

C——, Aug. 8th, 18—.

My dear Child:

Rejoice. The doctors have agreed that your *protégé* can recover his sight. He will remain under a course of treatment at our Monastery, and, when he is able to see, will announce to you himself the happy change. He is a person of fine mind and noble heart, and I only pray it may be the will of the dear God to give him a religious vocation.

Yours in Christ,
Paul G.

Horace Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

C——, Aug. 29th, 18—.

Beatrice:

(For when I write that, I write all you are to me) my sight is restored. Beloved, will you take my future? Will you let it be yours, that I may shape it to be worthy of you? May *I* devote my life to you, to prove how impossible it is to "repay" what I owe, since even that, which is all I have to offer, will fall so far short of the equivalent? I await your answer, before acting further.

Yours,
H. Plowden.

Beatrice Leon to Horace Plowden.

Sweetdell, Aug. 30th, 18—.

My dear Friend:

It shall be as you wish. Let us place *our* future in the hands of the dear God who has so blessed us.

Yours,
Beatrice.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

Sweetdell, Sept. 26th, 18—.

My dearest Mamma:

Ever since I wrote to you the happiest news my heart could experience, life has been so beautiful to me as to seem a dream. I wonder why is it, that the greatest praise we can bestow on our most beautiful things is to say they are like dreams. Perhaps it is because that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," can only be a dream to us, and so all things fair borrow, to our imaginations, something of the mystery it owns.

So, you say, all your surmises are only realized in this, but in a different manner from what you feared. Ah! you knew, you say, dear old lady, *why* I missed him so, and you thought, from the very beginning, that one so ardent and so full of tenderness of heart as I, would hardly fail to love this stranger, about whose lot was thrown such a pathos of interest. And, fearing it could never be consummated, you grieved. But, you see, God has been *so* good.

Horace has been here, but he would not stay. You should see him with the bandage off his eyes. They are of the rarest violet, and he is the very ideal of a, not merely handsome, but a noble-looking man. He *is* noble, too. He never reproached his mother with her treatment of him, but merely announced the fact of his cure, and his determination to support himself, and make his way in the world.

"You ought to marry rich, Horace," she answered; "it always, before your accident, entered into my plans for you. By remaining here as Mr. Wardour's son, you can obtain the *entrée* into any society. So you had better stay."

"Never mind, mother; I cannot stay," he said, "and *I intend to marry rich.*"

We have agreed that when Harry is finished, we will be married, not waiting for anything, but taking all as God sends it. Oh! the happiness of feeling that such a heart is mine, that such strong, and beautiful, and tender love will protect me! I can scarcely realize it, but I feel now, it seems to me, for the first time in my life, what *you* lost when papa died.

Dearest mamma, kiss

Your Bee.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Dec. 20th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Such happy, happy hours as I have been spending; such happy, happy letters as I have been writing to you! They all seem like a thing of long, long ago now, and I cannot believe a year has not yet passed since I left you. Horace is changed. Need pen or tongue say more, I wonder, to tell my wretchedness! I cannot write all about it now, for my heart will not say the words. *You* will pray for and pity me—you, the *only one on earth* to whom I can go with my grief. God will take it in the end, I hope; but now there is a terrible struggle to draw me away even from him. I long for you, mamma. Oh! if I could lay my head upon your breast!

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Dec. 24th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I have waited till the fever of my woe has cooled somewhat, to try to give you a detailed account of what has changed the whole aspect of my life. I will attempt to give it now briefly; it must be, for the less I dwell on it the better.

Not long ago I saw a change in Horace's letters. At first I said nothing, but, as it grew more and more apparent, I asked him why it came. He denied that any existed; denied it most emphatically. That it did exist, was very soon proved in the saddest manner. I got, five days ago, the inclosed note from him. It will explain itself, and it would be a woful task to me to copy it.

Oh! mamma, mamma, could I be taken home? Could I work at something there, by which to make a living? It seems to me my only desire on earth, now, is to be near you. Good-night, good-night.

YOUR BEE.

The Note Inclosed.

Beatrice, farewell: Say I was not worthy of your love, if you will, for that is the truth. With you, I was a reflection of your noble self; away from you, I have become my own true character: weak, yielding, inconstant, and unworthy. I have been tempted into marrying another.

HORACE PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, Jan. 4th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Such a letter as you sent me! such exquisite consolation! such love! such sweetness! But I will not accept your self-denying offer. I have made up my mind not to go home, not to yield in any way to this woful grief. I will do my duty here—do it to the letter; suffer at the foot of the cross; strive to love God all the more that earthly love is denied me. Already I have placed all unreservedly in His hands, and already I begin to rise to the height where I have placed this all. Dearest mamma, I have thought God must have willed, from the beginning, that such perfect happiness should not be mine on earth, and His will is wiser than ours in all things. And, oh! heaven is at the end. Out of this darkness will heaven dawn upon me, some sweet day. I kiss you in spirit.

YOUR OWN BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, April 6th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

All these letters I have been writing about Lulie and Daisy, and their gay and beautiful mother's life, and all the other doings in this novel on wheels, have not told you one word of what I know you long to hear, but are too sweet, too considerate to ask. Ah, I made a resolution, my own mamma, that I would say nothing till I had conquered—till I had really

carried out in act what my words said in the letter, deciding I would not go home as I wished so madly to do at first. I have conquered; I do not mean that my sorrow is gone, it can never go, never. I mean that I am so perfectly resigned to my cross, I would not lay it aside if I could; nay, I *desire to carry it.* Maybe I was not worthy of the high type of love I thought I had inspired in Horace. I have said to myself now, "God, who knows, has permitted you to be so tried; perhaps, he wants you to come nearer to him, 'having cast out all earthly love.'" So I have stripped my heart of all desires but service to him. I think he will show me always in the future some path to keep me near himself; and I wish for nothing else. Poor little dream of love! It was very sweet, but I have buried it in the dust under his holy feet. Your dear heart inquires: "And Horace?" Ah, mamma, I pray, that for every pang I have suffered on his account, some great good may come to him; that, out of his very indifference to me, a blessing may rise on his life! I often think, perhaps it was all the better for him, perhaps I was not the fittest after all, for the task I undertook in his regard. Yet, with all, I feel my love for him was of the loftiest type, and cannot but work out some noble end for one or both. Have I explained myself? Where I would wish to say volumes I have only spoken a few faint echoes of my heart. But you will understand these. As I finish, I fancy my head is resting on your heart.

YOUR OWN BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, June, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

I have passed through one more ordeal; the last, I think. Horace Plowden and his wife have come here, and he—acts as if he had never known me! Your tears drop at this; yes, it *was* hard, but I know I love my cross, by the way I feel while I bear it. He looks magnificent, but I fancy, at least, unhappy. He has all the *prestige* of wealth about him now, for his wife is very rich, and both seem quite in keeping with the novel on wheels, as I used to call this place. I thought, gazing from a distance, one day, upon his princely figure clothed in fashion-plate array, of the threadbare coat and the little turret room, but then I smothered the thought. To dwell on it might savor of chafing at my sweet burden of the cross.

His wife is older than he, and much handsomer than even Mrs. Wardour, the magnificent Cleopatra style. Her dress is royal, and all her outward seeming that of the heroine of a society novel. She evidently idolizes him, and takes pride in his many attractions. It is said that she settled her whole fortune on him when they were married. Of course I do not know.

20th. A thing has happened for which I am sorry beyond all words. I hoped he was happy, and thought how much more brilliant his lot in life than plodding to support a wife, such as I would have made him. For, we know, mamma, you and I, how very galling is this plodding at best. I was sitting in the library yesterday, when the door suddenly opened, and he entered. Ah, I could not but contrast this entrance with that one of long ago, when a shabby figure with bandaged eyes stood on that threshold, and almost cried out there was no God. This time it paused a moment, graceful, handsome, costumed faultlessly; and while the beautiful violet eyes wandered with an expression I can never forget over the room so full of memories, the white, daintily kept hands clenched themselves together, and the lips gasped, rather than said:

"Would to God that I were again blind! Even hatred is preferable to this love, which I hate to receive!"

He did not see me, that was evident. I was seated so that the curtains of a bay-window concealed me. Much as I disliked revealing myself to one who had ignored me as he had, I disliked still more the dishonor of staying, and hearing more of that which my ear, of all others, should not hear. I stood up, and walked in silence, therefore, to another door opposite the one he had just entered.

"Beatrice!" he cried pitifully, "one word!"

I turned and looked at him.

"Do you hate me?"

"No," I answered.

"Ah! you are too noble to hate. It is then no comfort to you, as it would be to most women, in your case, to tell you you are well avenged."

"The word cannot apply to me at all, Mr. Plowden," I said, turning to go.

"Stay," he cried. "You are noble enough to tell me what to do in this gilded pit of misery into which I have weakly plunged myself."

"*Your duty*," I said solemnly, "nothing else will avail, and that avails, in all situations, even the most wretched."

"But do you know that I have married a female fiend, a person who degrades me by her jealousy, and galls me by her exactions; who makes of the gold with which she bought my liberty a chain more strong than any iron one."

"Stop, Mr. Plowden," I interrupted, "the person of whom you speak is your wife, and you owe her a duty, infringed upon shamefully by such language to one who is a stranger."

"Stranger!" he echoed. "Great God! what refinement of revenge you unconsciously inflict with the word! Beatrice a—stranger!"

Some tears came to my eyes—tears I had no power to control, for the words brought up a picture of the past, when he was helpless, and I his only helper.

"Ah!" he said, "you melt! you will pity me, Beatrice!"

The door near which I stood opened, and the person opening it heard the last words—his wife! She looked at me—such a look! Oh! mamma, my pen refuses to describe it! Its fury was appalling enough, but its contempt was almost intolerable. For a moment, I fear, my patience gave way, but I quickly conquered myself with a prayer to Him, who ever sustains most when He tries most. While this prayer arose to heaven, these cruel words rung out on the air around me: "Gossipping with *servants*, Mr. Plowden, is scarcely worthy of you or—of me!"

I walked out of the room, saying nothing. God knows what fearful scene ensued, but that evening I received a message from Mrs. Wardour to the effect that her library was no longer at my disposal. Ah! when I commenced this letter I thought the ordeal of being ignored by Horace was the last. But another looms before me now, the persecutions of a jealous, angry woman. Dearest mamma, I will do my duty, come what may.

I cannot write more to-night. Oh! how I long to see you!

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, July 3d, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Your sweet letter of caution and advice came too late to stay the storm gathering over me. But I had done nothing myself to bring it on, so, though I suffer from its fury, I am content. You think I should leave, for fear of trouble to ensue from Mrs. Plowden's presence. I feel my duty is doubly here; first, that I may help you; secondly, that these dear little children need my care worse than any orphans. Then the Plowdens are only making a

visit; it must come to an end some time before very long.

But another unpleasant circumstance has come to pass. I have carefully avoided every part of the house or grounds but those allotted to the children and myself, since the incident of which I wrote to you in my last, so I have never met any of the family. But I have given myself the luxury of going out, early in the morning, by the little side door where I first met Horace, and enjoying, before any of the household were up, the free air and God's blue sky. As I returned from my last walk, Horace stood at the door evidently awaiting me. I turned away from it.

"Beatrice," he said, "my wife is implacable. Do not stay here. I have tried in vain to induce her to go away. The jealous are ever cunning and treacherous, and you are not safe here. You know now why I appeared not to know you when I came. I deserve my fate, but you—"

"My fate," said I, "is in the hands of God, not of this jealous woman, to whom I have given no cause of offence."

"Your innocence thinks so, O noblest of hearts!" said he. "But you have given her the most intolerable cause of offence, in that I—"

"That is enough," I interrupted, "the past and the future alike are God's. Even in this painful phase of your life you can do your duty. Accept your fate, as a punishment if you will, but all the more humbly to be worked out for that. For me, you cannot harm me, nor can she; I rely on God alone!"

"Well, I find no God in such a fate! I will rid myself of it soon!"

The tone, the look, the gesture were terrible, and without another word he left me, while, from a window above, I heard the dreadful words actually hissed down at me—

"Meeting a married man clandestinely is scarcely fitting for one having the care of youth. This must be looked into."

The voice was Mrs. Plowden's, and her white face glared down on me like some incarnation of venom itself.

You say I must not pity Horace; I cannot help it. The very weakness of the character I thought so great is pitiable to me. You know Harry used to say, I would pity Satan himself. Ah! who can help pitying what is shut out from God? I will write soon again.

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, September 1st, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

It is so strange, I am banished to the little turret room once Horace's. No reason given, but Mrs. Wardour expects a great many visitors, and needs all the apartments on the lower floor. Once this would have seemed very hard to me, but the school of suffering has become so much my element that I scarcely find it a trial at all. Of course, I do not go out in the mornings any more, lest Horace's unreason should induce him to seek me again, and I am determined this shall not be. Charity alone would demand of me to remove all needless cause for Mrs. Plowden's anger, and this cheerfully.

It seems a kind of parody on Horace's former fate, that to which I am now consigned, does it not? I often, looking on the walls of this room which formed such a prison to him, pray God to make any suffering I have here a prayer for his ultimate salvation.

Nothing has been said openly, and I never see any one but the children, but that the influence of Mrs. Plowden is at work I hourly feel. I am not afraid.

Pray God to be with

YOUR BEE.

Beatrice Leon to her Mother.

SWEETDELL, September 15th, 18—.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:

Now I have to go. I am sent away. I am pronounced an unfit companion for innocent children, but God is with me. To-morrow expect,

YOUR BEE.

Mrs. Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

(Dated a year later.)

BEATRICE:

Do not refuse to forgive the dying the crime of the living. I knew that you were innocent, yet I accused you, and in the circle where reputation was bread to you I ruthlessly took it from you. This, my crime. But my husband was my very God, and I knew he loved you. This, its cause. Behold my reward; indifferent to me before, he has openly despised me ever since, and so my life has been cursed. Now I am about to die, I see the past in a new light; I would fain make atonement, and at least win my husband's forgiveness and respect before I leave him for—the grave. For God's sake come to me, let me restore your good name where it is most fitting I should; let me hear you say I am forgiven before I die.

E. PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to Mrs. Plowden.

P——, September 19th, 18—.

MRS. PLOWDEN:

I grieve to say I cannot go; but my heart kneels down before you begging you to give your atonement to God, not me. My forgiveness is nothing, and you had it from the first; but God's is everything, and will gain you heaven, where all your poor struggles will find a happy end. Send for one of his priests, and to him confide the story of your contrition. Then the most fervent of my prayers, and the most imploring of my tears at the foot of the Cross, will have been answered. In truth,

Your friend,

BEATRICE LEON.

Horace Plowden to Beatrice Leon.

SWEETDELL, October 1st, 18—.

BEATRICE:

She is dead; and through the holy power of your words died the death of a Christian. *Not* to win my respect or love—oh! God, how unworthy either, even of *her* valuing—but to disarm the anger of God, she, at the command of her confessor, made public retraction of her accusations against you, acknowledging her own guilt instead. I—great heaven! can I describe for you my feelings? My conduct to her as a husband rose up before me, only second in blackness to my conduct to you as a friend, a lover. Not you alone, but even she rose superior to me through religion's power. I knelt, oppressed by the weight of my own vileness, beside that hallowed deathbed, and offered freely all I had begrudged to her in the past, begrudged ungratefully, for she had at least given her all to me. I was too late. She smiled; she blessed me, then she turned to God and forgot me.

At the end, after a long agony borne with prayers of contrition, she looked up one time, smiling: "At last, sweet Lord," she whispered, "and through Beatrice's—" she finished the words where earthly ears could not hear. This was her death. O, *blessed!* how its glory will dwell upon your life.

For me, I hate myself; I cast aside forever the name under which I have acted so wretched a *rôle;* of the past I renounce even that. Under another I will strive to become what I would be now if I had only followed out the promptings of your influence when you first knew me.

Mrs. Wardour begs that you will resume your former place, promising to reinstate you even with honor,

and make you perfect mistress of your time and terms.

If you can believe me worthy of the slightest thought beyond Christian forgiveness and charity's prayers, let it be that at last I will strive to order my life according to religion's magnificent economy.

HORACE PLOWDEN.

Beatrice Leon to Horace Plowden.

P——, October 9th, 18—.

HORACE:

I rejoice that the dead found peace, and left behind a memory for you to imitate, and be saved. I do not deem the injury done me so great as to need such humiliation to her for its price; but since it satisfied God, it is well she suffered it. It is true my name was ruined in the circle from which I was driven, but that made me learn to cheerfully embrace lowliness. So I cannot return there, not because I would refuse Mrs. Wardour's proffered kindness, but because here I labor amongst the poor and ignorant, who need me more. I am in a place where instruction in the Catholic religion is as precious as the diamond itself, as it is rarely attended by a priest, and the people are unable to build a church. God guided me here by his mercy after I left Mrs. Wardour, and in seeking for other employment. Here I can work out a high mission in perfect obscurity, and here truly can my life be *all for God.* May yours, O friend, find the same fruition on earth that to both the end may be heaven!

BEATRICE.

"I bear thy tears, my Roseleaf, the hardest punishment thy Plato could have found for confession of being Horace Plowden, but deserved too well. But," and the violet eyes turned to heaven with a look so fervent and withal so pure, the words were scarcely needed to reassure her, "never turn aside from me, for *there* I hope my present has blotted out Horace Plowden's wretched past. She is in heaven, my sweet, and I am trying to meet her there!"

The tears ceased to flow, and in a voice which softly held the hush of reverence, she said:

"Oh, dear Plato! And all your wonderful charity to the poor, and all your giving your fortune to religion's uses, and living here in scanty style, and all your shining acts for God's glory, come from this! And you are prematurely gray from your grief, but young at heart from your way of meeting it."

"You have guessed it, sweet; only you make me nobler than I am. My acts are acts of penance and atonement, not high virtue. Some months after my wife died, like a fool, I offered my life and my fortune to Beatrice. But she said, 'Nay, Horace. Give them to God. My heart and life are his for evermore, and, having tasted the sweets of his sweet service, nothing less will satisfy my soul; I am working out a mission here; leave me undisturbed at it.'

"Afterwards, it was by her exhortations I resolved to lead the life you admire so much, and to give up all my wealth to religion's uses. She directed that her mother, at her death, should give me these letters, and when she died, I got them."

"Oh, I know now, dear Plato! I see all. Grandma is her mother, and Harry is my dear, dead father, and —I am sure—oh, is it not so? you keep Grandma and me since his death, and you are the wonderful bank, whence we draw our income, and you bring me here to spend my vacations to teach me to be wise."

"And to enjoy thy love, my Roseleaf, which I do not deserve, and to revel in the sight of thy resemblance to Beatrice! And, because thy heart thinks human love all-noble and all-absorbing, I lent thee my

letters, sweet, to show thee it must be founded on God and truth, or it is naught. Take the lesson into this heart, so dear to me, ere love comes to it. Then, my Roseleaf, even though its course be a tragedy, even though on earth it may never find fruition, still will it own holy power to draw two hearts to heaven, and make them noble while on earth."

O, untouched young heart! lingering idly over this page, take that truth from thence, and set it in your mystery of the future, and then the mission of my story will have found golden fulfilment.

ROSSINI.

"THE Jove of music," as Meyerbeer styled Rossini, was born in Pesaro, a town of the then Papal States, on the 29th of February, 1792. As the saying runs, "there was music in the family," for his father played the horn in the orchestra, and his mother figured in the *rôle* of prima donna in the provincial theatres. Pesaro was merely their nominal place of residence, as their profession necessarily involved a wandering sort of life from one town to another. I am very far from intimating, in deference to the style of sober old biographers, that "from his early infancy he gave evidences of that great musical genius which was destined to enrapture the world in later years."

The earliest recollection we can find of Rossini is connected with his officiating in a blacksmith shop, where he devoted his juvenile energies to "raising the wind" out of the bellows. His father had apprenticed him to that trade in consequence of the boy's positive unwillingness to study music, or indeed anything else. Rossini soon grew tired of the blacksmith shop. Perhaps the tinkling of the hammer on the anvil was suggestive of other and sweeter melodies. He promised amendment, and was placed under the musical instruction of Father Tesei, of Bologna, who gave him lessons in singing, on the *clavicembalo* and the viola. That Rossini made rapid progress is evident from the fact that he figured in the church choirs of Bologna as the *solo* soprano, and also played the viola at the opera. It was in the latter capacity that he acquired that practical knowledge of instrumentation, which so ably aided him afterwards in giving expression to his genius. In the year 1807, when he was but fifteen years of age, he entered the musical lyceum of Bologna, and became the pupil of Father Matter, then Master of Composition. The learned contrapuntist was not long in discovering that the development of a great genius was intrusted to him. But the joy of the good Franciscan at the discovery was greatly allayed when, after a few lessons, he became aware that his gifted pupil was anything but diligent and assiduous. Rossini's themes hardly passed mediocrity, and were much inferior to those of his classmates. The pedantic method of the old and rigorous school of counterpoint was exceedingly irksome to him. Still he managed to submit himself to the ordeal of going through the course of simple counterpoint. But it was evident that he would never become a contrapuntist, for his very scholastic themes savored of the dramatic style of composition, to which he was irresistibly drawn. Hearing his master remark one day that double and triple counterpoint were not necessary to dramatic composition, he said:

"What do you say, Maestro? With that which I have studied one can write operas?"

"Without doubt," said the old priest.

"That's enough," rejoined Rossini, "I don't want to know any more. It is operas I want to write."

He began to work forthwith by himself, and produced an orchestral symphony of no ordinary merit, entitled *Il Pianto dell Armonia*, the Lamentation of Harmony. His first attempt at dramatic composition was a comic opera called *La cambiale di Matrimonio*, and was produced with success in the theatre of San Mosè in Venice. This was rapidly followed by several other operas of the same character, which were eminently successful, and made the name of the young master very popular in Italy. Indeed his most unsparing critics were soon constrained to recognize his existence as a *Maestro*, while the unprejudiced were fain to place him upon a level with the greatest musician then in Italy, the aged Paesiello. But if any doubt remained in the minds of his admirers as to whether Rossini were a genius, or only a diligent composer, they were removed forever by the appearance of *Tancredi*, which was also first rendered in Venice. Its original melodies, vested in the richest harmony, and this expressed with a warmth and boldness of instrumentation till then unheard of, captivated the Venetians. The melodies of *Tancredi* were heard from the students as they returned home at night from their carousals, from the gondoliers, from the fishmongers, while the juvenile generation of Venice contributed to perpetuate them in a continued variety of whistling performances. Rossini had no rivals after the production of *Tancredi*.

La Pietra di Paragone was brought out in Milan while that city was occupied by the French. The law of general conscription was then in rigor, and Rossini's name figured on the list of extraction. But popular enthusiasm ran high in his favor, and even the French authorities were disposed to make an exception in his favor, and exempt him from military service. The Viceroy of Milan wrote as follows to the Minister of the Interior at Paris: "May it please you to dispose that the Maestro, Gioacchino Rossini, be exempt from military service. I would not take upon myself the responsibility of exposing so precious a life to the bullets of the enemy. My contemporaries would never forgive me. We lose at best but a soldier of mediocrity, but we certainly preserve for the country a man of genius." This letter saved Rossini from the march to and the tragic retreat from Moscow.

In the year 1815 he wrote *Elizabeth*, an opera which is rarely, if ever, rendered now. Why it is not brought out it is difficult to conjecture, for it abounds in beauty and novelty in the manner of accompaniments and general instrumentation. Rossini's last comic opera was the *Barber of Seville*. It is now sixty years since it was first produced in the Eternal City, and though it is being rendered season after season and evening after evening in every opera house in the Old and New World, the Barber is ever welcome. Yet he met with a very poor reception on the first night of his appearance before the Romans, who are proverbially good critics of music. Not that they failed to appreciate the beauties of the opera, but because there was a counter-influence at work in Rome against Rossini, which blinded a fair appreciation.

The *libretto* of the *Barber of Seville* had already been put to music by no less a composer than Paesiello, and the opera was unquestionably the best of the kind then represented on the Italian stage. Rossini did not make use of Paesiello's *libretto*, though the subject was the same. Still he wrote to the patriarch ask-

ing his permission to use the subject, quite an unusual delicacy in the young composer, who scouted formalities. The permission was readily granted, but the fire of envy was kindled in the old master's heart. When he heard that the opera was to be brought out in Rome he wrote to his partisans there, and he had many, in these words: "*Omit nothing, that the failure may be colossal.*"

Orchestral accompaniments for the recitatives were as yet unknown, so the author of the opera was accustomed to preside at the *cembalo* or pianoforte, and strike the chords of the tone in which the recitative was written. On the first night of the Barber's appearance he was greeted with withering hisses. To make matters worse, when the Count Almaviva appeared under the balcony of Rossini with the guitar, one of the strings snapped. A fracas of whistling and hissing ensued, Rossini merely shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and remained impassive through that and the succeeding outbursts of disapproval. Only when the curtain fell, and the manifestations of disapproval had reached a climax, Rossini stood up and applauded vigorously himself. On the next evening he thought it advisable not to appear at the opera, but remained at home, pleading indisposition. The truth was that he feared the partisans of Paesiello would, in an excess of frenzy, resort to personal violence. He was aroused from a sound sleep towards midnight by a great uproar in the street below. He immediately concluded that his enemies had come to mob him, and was preparing to effect his escape in a very scanty wardrobe through the back window, when he heard the well-known voice of Garcia, the barber, shouting out, "*Evviva Rossini! Evviva il Barbiere di Siviglia!*"

The success of the opera on the second night was immeasurably greater than its failure on the preceding night. The inimitable vivacity of the music asserted its superiority over party spirit, and elicited the most frenzied applause. Rossini was carried in triumph through the streets of Rome. The *Barber of Seville* abounds in ternary movements of exquisite grace and feeling, and their effect was so pleasing that the author used them abundantly ever after.

Cenerentola, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Othello* followed the *Barber of Seville* in the wonderfully short space of two years. *Othello* may be said to be his masterpiece of tragical composition. In it he introduced for the first time a running orchestral accompaniment for the recitatives, making of them musical declamations which formed a most pleasant contrast with the monotony of the recitatives of the old school. The erudite Fetis thus writes of *Othello*; "Who is the musician, the simple dilettants, who is not still moved by the remembrance of that penetrating music of the first two acts, so full of energy, and of the third, wherein the genius of the composer equals that of Shakespeare, though not in the same sentiment? The enthusiasts of Shakespeare have shown themselves severe, unjustly so towards the music of Rossini, because they would have it that he betrayed the inspirations of the creator of English tragedy. But it is precisely because he is something entirely different, because he is himself an independent genius, that he merits our entire admiration. The subject being given, he felt it, and rendered it with the originality of a musician, just as Shakespeare treated it with the imagination of a poet."

After *Gazza Ladra* Rossini began to change his style, omitting the excessive, but with his originality, pardonable use of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and the traditional *cabalette*. This is evident in *Armide*, *Moses*, *Ermione*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *Mavmetto II.* Each of these operas has its distinguishing

characteristic. In *Armide* the chivalrous abounds, in *Moses* the religious, in *Ermione* the simplicity of lyric declamation, in the *Lady of the Lake* the romantic, interwoven with the weird, and in *Mavmetto II* the happy opposition of savage rigor with the accent of patriotic devotion. Perhaps there is not in the world's *repertoire* of music a melody which breathes a more sweetly religious and consoling feeling than the *Prayer of Moses in Egypt.* Who would believe that it was written in bed? Rossini invariably slept until near noon, the consequence of his having prolonged his convivialities, of which he was passionately fond, until the "wee sma' hours of morn."

The poet of the *libretto* of *Moses*, Tottola, worked by instalments, and having concluded a scene, was in the habit of bringing it immediately to Rossini. It happened that he concluded the Prayer one morning towards midday, and he hurried away to the residence of Rossini, who was already somewhat behindhand with his own work, and was, besides, bound by a contract to have the opera ready for a certain date. He found the composer in bed surrounded by a circle of friends, who were entertaining him with the latest gossip. He read the Prayer with evident interest, asked for a pencil and a piece of music paper, and, regardless of the noise and chattering of his friends, began to write. It was done in a few moments. The orchestral accompaniment was merely accessory, and he wrote it in his leisure moments. But the Prayer remained as he had scrawled it in bed, the most incontestably original melody he ever wrote.

In 1823 Rossini married the prima donna Colbran, and in the following year went to London, whither his fame had preceded him. Indeed, if exception be made to Berlin, every city in Europe gave a cordial welcome to his music. The Italians, of course, adored him, the Viennese stopped short of adoration, the Parisians were enthusiastic, and the Londoners were graciously pleased to patronize him. But Berlin ignored him, and of the gentle Mendelssohn Fetis writes that he was strongly opposed to the music of Rossini.* He was warmly received in London, and by none more so than by King George IV, who was very fond of music.

Rossini had a rich baritone voice, and knew how to use it with grace. While he lived in Rome he was a frequent visitor at the palace of Cardinal Gonsalvi, and he never went to pay his respects that the old man did not ask him to sing something from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto.* Though the music of that opera is light and spirited, and on the whole tending to appeal to our risibles rather than to our tender faculties, the good Cardinal was always moved to tears when he heard Rossini render selections from it. George IV frequently invited Rossini to the royal palace, and it was no uncommon thing for them to sing duets together. During his short stay in London he amassed a fortune of £60,000. From London he went to Paris, where he undertook the direction of the Italian theatre. While in this capacity he modified *Mavmetto II,* making of it what is now known as *L'assedio di Corinto.* The principal feature in the modification was the addition of the grand symphony, which critics place side by side in merit and beauty with that of *Semiramide,* the last opera he wrote in Italy. Apropos of symphonies, it is to be regretted that they are fast going into disuse, at least that style of symphony which was so zealously cultivated by composers anterior to the last half of a century. The authors of the present day flatter themselves that they have accomplished a symphony when they

* Mendelssohn même, sì grand musicien q'il fût a moutret im esprit étroit dans sa répugnance pour les oeuvres de ce genie. Biographie Universelle.

have produced an incomprehensible succession of augmented or diminished chords, with a volley of musketry from the drums, and a startling sound from the bass drum, accompanied by a flourish of the "thunder and lightning machine." But all this does not introduce us to their subject, and we would remain in entire ignorance of the argument were we not wheedled into expending a quarter in the purchase of a *libretto* in the lobby. Modern composers do us an injustice. They should bear in mind that we are the judges. It is our sense of hearing and not their own desire to indulge in scientific display they must please, *est modus in rebus*, and I opine that among these music is a considerable unit.

It is the fashion in music now to imitate Wagner. Well now, we are not exacting. We will tolerate a respectable imitation of Wagner, but nothing else, unless, indeed, a Rossinian symphony. Rossini wrote about the same time another little opera for Charles X called *Un viaggio a Rheims*. The success which attended its production in the court theatre determined him to change *Moses*. He added the charming overture which we find in the more recent editions, the *ballabile*, and the stupendous chorus in the fourth act. *Conte Ory* followed soon after. In what regards the style, this opera may be considered as a prelude to *William Tell*, his last and complete transformation of style. It appeared in 1829, and amply repaid the anxious expectation of his admirers, who had begun to fear that a love of his ease had asphyxied his energies. The enthusiasm which greeted *William Tell* is unparalleled in the history of music. The *libretto* is wretched, and hardly merits the name. But the inexhaustible wealth in melody and harmony of the composer made of it the grand treasure of every *repertoire* in the world. Not to speak of the symphony, every measure of which is a chapter of Swiss traditions culled in melodic form, the "oath scene" worked up the patriotic feelings of the Parisian students to such a pitch of excitement that they broke out into a thundering shout of, "Vive la patrie! Vive la liberte!" At every repetition of the opera in Paris a strong police force was necessary to preserve order, and once the opera itself was interdicted, the greatest tribute that could be paid to its author.

After *William Tell* Rossini retired into private life, avowing his intention to write no more. I will confess frankly here that, though my admiration of Rossini's music be great, I cannot but condemn the sentiments he expressed after the appearance of *William Tell*. He was far from being satisfied with the reception given it by the Parisians; and being asked by a friend to begin another opera, he replied, "One success more would add nothing to my fame; a fall might injure it. I have no need of the one, and do not wish to expose myself to the other." Whatever may be said of his youth, it is evident that he did not cultivate music at this date with the spirit of a true artist. He ceased to compose at the age of thirty-seven, an age when most men begin, and relapsed into an inactivity unworthy of himself. This was in the year 1829.

Four years after he wrote the *Stabat Mater*, but in so careless and desultory a manner that the editor, Troupenas, was loth to issue a second edition. This aroused the dormant energies of the composer. Not only did he revise it carefully, but even assisted at the rehearsals with the ardor of a boy, and his health which had been failing for some time before was soon restored. The great tenor, Duprez, sang for him, and the success which attended the *Stabat Mater* was even greater than that of *William Tell*. The *Stabat Mater* has been criticized as being too dra-

matic, too inconsentaneous with the ecclesiastical spirit. But it should be borne in mind that he took the poem, not in its strictly ecclesiastical sense, but as a text for an oratorio. Hence is he dramatic, yet he is decidedly original, and touches the sublimity of religious pathos.

In 1836 Rossini returned to Italy and established his residence in Bologna, where he gave himself up unreservedly to the sweet pleasure of private life and the company of his friends. He was urged to this step by the unsettled state of affairs in Paris. He was not destined to enjoy peace long. The Italian Revolution of 1848 drove him from Bologna. While in that city, the ringleaders of the revolution levied a tax on the rich inhabitants of the city for the support of the national militia. Rossini's name figured among those who were requested to contribute. He gave a pair of horses, but positively refused to give any money, expressing at the same time his most cordial disapproval of the revolution, and his devotion to the person of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. This aroused the anger of the revolutionists, and Rossini was obliged to fly to Florence. Meanwhile the mob gathered around his house, broke the windows, and burnt Rossini in effigy. This proceeding was disapproved of by Father Ugo Bassi, who was then the leading spirit of the Bolognese. Having composed a poem in honor of Pius IX, he sent it to Rossini, requesting him to put it to music, apologized at the same time for the rashness of his fellow-citizens, and requested him to return to Bologna. Rossini composed the hymn, and it was soon afterwards sung in the public square of Bologna. He wrote a letter to Ugo Bassi, from which I clip the following: "Bologna was always the centre of my affection. There, from my youth, and I remember it with pleasure, I acquired the musical art, and, let me repeat with the poet,

'Lo bello stile che m' ha fatto onore,'

the lovely style which has done me honor, and which I, a true and warm-hearted Italian, shall endeavor to adapt to the song and to the enthusiasm of all Italy, which applauds our great and beneficent sovereign, the Pontiff Pius IX." But he did not return to Bologna. While in Florence he became hypochondriacal, and was haunted with the fear of death continually.

In 1853 he returned to Paris, and to the tender sympathies of his Parisian friends is due his recovery from the almost incurable malady which afflicted him. He bought a charming villa near the Bois de Boulogne, and there the *élite* of Paris met regularly to gossip and enjoy the witticisms of the old master. Meanwhile he amused himself by composing little *morceaux* for the piano, which he entitled "Salon Music, by Gioacchino Rossini, Fourth-class Pianist." Among these figures a satire on Offenbach, which is to be executed with one finger. He also wrote the grand chorus of the Titans (published since his death), and the three charming choral songs, Faith, Hope, and Charity. His *Messe Solennelle* was the last production worthy of notice, and in it are embodied the genius of the composer, and the religion of the Christian.

He died in 1868. A few days before his death a French clergyman, of whom he was very fond, called upon him. Rossini was too weak to talk much, and the clergyman contented himself for the nonce with asking him how he felt in conscience. "Like the author of the Stabat," replied Rossini.

IN GOD, IMMORTAL.

ONCE, in a cavern, dark, and damp, and lone,
A gem lay hidden, ceaseless was its moan,

For something wanting to its heart of light;
Something not named in that strange world of night;

Something it felt its own, yet could not see;
Its very life-pulse yet a mystery.

"Oh, gift ineffable!" it cried in pain,
"Come to my life!" Unchanging cry—and vain!

* * * * * * *

Softly against the cavern plashed the wave
And to the yearning gem sweet music gave—

Music that seemed to hold in chains of sound
The beautiful unknown—a captive bound.

"Oh, come within, sweet voice!" it tender breathed.
Lo! flashed the wave above it, with light wreathed;

Then back swept, bearing on its foamy crest
The gem, transported to a vision blest.

Beyond the darkness fled that world of night,
And all its own—its heritage—*the light*

In its awakened heart reflected fair,
Now known, now held in proud possession there.

Oh, happy gem! Oh, heart of light set free,
Ne'er shall the darkness more encompass thee!

* * * * * * *

My soul, that gem inthralled, thy friendship rare;
The wave o'erpowering, bearing it to where

Its life of light—God's love—it finds; oh, friend
Most dear of all—such friendship hath *no end!*

A wave from grand Eternity's deep sea,
Back will it proudly sweep, and then will be

The true beginning—round God's feet to flow
With *all* 'twill bear from cavern of earth's woe!

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

LIKE thousands of my countrymen, I walked the streets of Philadelphia, my heart swelling with patriotism. Over my head floated that banner which, too proud to be content with earth, caught and held captive in its folds the very stars. Around me were the trophies of our greatness and the tokens of the friendship and good will of other lands; and mingling with my countrymen on every hand, were representatives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, met together on the one hundredth birthday of the United States of America. "They may call it the boy among the nations," cried I, exultingly, to myself, "but it is a giant boy of which any people might be proud, this land of the free and home of the brave."

"Sir," said a thick, uncouth voice, "what do you call this town?"

Close beside me stood a dwarfish figure, clad in undressed skins of beasts, which he did not seem to find uncomfortable in the July heat. The misshapen form, coarse features, and brutish expression were more like those of an animal than of a human being. I wondered if it was possible that some Hottentot or Digger Indian had heard of us in his cheerless home, and conceived the hope of elevating himself and his race by coming to learn of us our better ways. A sense of compassion rose in my heart, mingled with wonder when again, in good, unbroken English, the creature said: "What do you call this town, sir?"

"This city is Philadelphia, sir," I answered, with some emphasis.

"Philadelphia!" he repeated, with a scornful laugh. "Nonsense! what kind of a name is that? It's no kind of a name at all, sir. We don't have such names in our country."

"I should suppose not," said I, blandly, never dreaming that he would detect my sarcasm; but I fancied that a fierce smile played round his wolfish mouth, as if he not only understood me, but found even more meaning than I.

"What's this?" he asked, abruptly, pointing to a building near us.

"I must be patient with the ignorant being," I thought. "It is a telegraph office," I answered him. "Come in and I will tell you about it," and quite teachably, as I fancied, he nodded his rough head and followed me. "You are in good time," I said, "for I have a message to send to England to-day. See, here it is," and I pointed to a map upon the wall. "This is Philadelphia—this dot here."

"No such thing," cried my companion, in excited tones. "You take me for a fool, sir. It's no kind of a name, sir, as I said before; but that little black speck isn't this place."

"I—I—you misunderstand me," stammered I. "This thing is a map; it shows where places are. This dot represents Philadelphia."

"The man must have been a fool then who made it," grumbled he. "Any child could draw better than that. A map! What's a map?"

"This is a map," I reiterated. "These lines represent the Atlantic Ocean, and this island is England, where my message is going. It is three thousand miles across there."

"Three thousand fiddlesticks!" flamed out the stranger. "It isn't an inch."

"It represents three thousand miles," said I, meekly. "I am ac-

customed to speak to those who understand my language."

"And I understand your language," quoth he, stoutly. "I understand it very well indeed, when you speak sensibly, sir. How do you know that England is three thousand miles away, sir? Did you ever go there? Did you ever see it?"

"No, I never did. Other people have been there, though, and I have friends there."

"Don't trust friends," my companion said, eagerly. "Did you ever see England?" turning to the telegraph operator, who, awaiting my order, gazed in undisguised astonishment at the stranger.

"Never," was the answer.

"Ten to one there's no such place," cried the dwarf. "Did you ever see it? Did you?"

It so happened that of all the men just then in the office, not one had ever crossed the ocean. The dwarf turned upon me ferociously.

"Stop, stop," said I. "I will get you word from there in half an hour. Here, clerk, send this."

The clerk took the pencilled message from my hand, glanced at it, spread it on a pile of others given that day, and went to work. "It has gone," he said in a minute.

"My message has gone to England," explained I. "Under the ocean is what we call the Atlantic cable. It contains a telegraph wire, worked by electricity, which carries news from here to England and back again in half an hour."

"Can't be done," said my hearer, now with calm, pitying deliberation, as if he had quite ceased to be angry with me, and only compassionated my ignorance, if he did not suspect me of more than ignorance. "Stands to reason it can't be done; you said yourself 'twas three thousand miles there. Isn't it three thousand miles back? Can't send word that distance in thirty minutes. I'm no child, sir."

I got the operator to explain the whole thing to him, which he did admirably, as I thought, and the dwarf heard him through without an interruption. But when he ceased, well pleased and expecting praise, "Did you ever see electricity, sir?" asked the dwarf.

"Well, no, not in this case exactly. Lightning is an electric force, however. You have seen that, I suppose?"

"I don't see it here," was the answer. "Not a bit of it."

"No, no; not here. I only gave that as an instance. Lightning is only one—one phenomenon of electricity."

"Did you ever see electricity?" persisted the dwarf.

"I have felt it," cried the clerk, desperately. "Here, maybe you would like to feel it. It can *do* something, even if it can't be seen. I will prove that to you with the greatest pleasure."

"No, no," said the dwarf; "you don't catch me. *I* don't want to be sent to England."

"But you won't be sent to England," said I. "It will only shock you."

"I am shocked already," he replied, drawing up his little figure imposingly. "What lies these Americans expect us to swallow."

"No lie," said the operator. "Here's your answer, sir. What do you say to that?"

"I say that it is all a humbug," he cried. "Here's the proof. Your message never went at all, sir. There it is on the top of those papers where he put it when you gave it to him."

"But we don't have to send that," explained the clerk. "I read it and then expressed the words by ticks, which the man heard at the other end."

"Oh, oh!" sighed the dwarf, "what will become of your poor souls by and by? You expect me to credit that a thing which you cannot see carries a little tick-tick under the

ocean three thousand miles, and a man at the other end hears it with the waves tumbling, and rushing, and roaring, and the winds blowing, and sends you back an answer? Eyes and ears are ours to use, and we have a reason to use, sir, and it stands to reason that what you can't see or hear or comprehend isn't anything at all, sir. I hope all America is not a humbug, sir. Perhaps you will kindly show me something credible, now that you find I am not an idiot."

The men laughed audibly. I bit my lip and strode away, the dwarf shuffling on beside me at a pace fully equal to my own.

"Here," I said, entering one of the new buildings erected for the Exhibition, "here is the hall where the relics of our nation's heroes are kept. You may learn something from these; but perhaps I should first tell you a little of our history. One hundred years ago we were but as a handful of men along this seacoast, and we rose to shake the yoke of the tyrant from our necks."

"Did you save it?" asked the dwarf. "Can I see it? We make them of iron in our country."

"I spoke figuratively," said I, in dread of the very answer that came.

"Figures of speech seem common here. You always reckon in round numbers, I suppose. It is convenient. What did you shake off, if it was not a yoke!"

"I meant that we made ourselves free," said I. "You shall see the original Declaration of Independence. We prize it much."

"Doesn't look as though you did —that old parchment. Where are your gold and pearls to adorn it?"

"We do not think it in accordance with American simplicity to treat it so," said I.

"American disrespect, we should call it in my country," said the dwarf succinctly. "And we mean what we say, too, and know what we are about. You've made a mistake, sir. This cannot be anything of importance, and yet look so contemptible." And when, to prove my statement, I began to read the well-known words, he asked petulantly what I was doing.

I was reading, I told him; reading the words on that paper.

"But they don't speak," cried the dwarf. "*I* can't read it. It's only black marks. I don't believe it. They are not in the least like what you say."

I turned the conversation. "This is a chair in which General Washington once sat," said I.

"And this," said the dwarf, bounding into another close by, "this is the chair where I once sat. What's the difference! Who is General Washington? I never heard of him."

"He was the Father of his Country," I answered. "He was a great statesman, and a victorious soldier, and a good man."

"Did you ever see him?" asked the dwarf.

I answered "No," with gloomy forebodings.

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I never did."

"Did you ever send him a message that you could not see, and get his answer in less than no time?"

"He died before I was born," said I.

"Ha, ha, ha! And you never saw him, and you never spoke to him, and you never had so much as one of your wonderful messages from him. Did your father ever see him or talk to him? Did your mother?"

"They never had the privilege," said I.

"Any of your family ever see him?"

I shook my head. My parents came from Scotland; but I would not tell him that.

"And you never saw him, and your people never saw him; and you never heard him, and your people never heard him. How do you know anything about him then?"

"It is a fact in history," said I.

"A fact in history! How do you prove history? It's one big lie, sir, from beginning to end."

"It's not," I exclaimed. "How do I know anything! How do I prove anything?"

"Ex-actly, sir, exactly. You ask the question of questions. How do I know anything? How do I prove anything? With my eyes, sir; with my ears, sir; with my senses; with my reason;" and again the dwarf drew himself up imposingly. "With my reason, sir; that noblest faculty. You are not the only person I have talked with in this town, sir. I was sent from my land to learn news of America; I have striven to fulfil my task; I have asked questions and listened for days. And all agree in telling me what is contrary to my senses; things which I never heard of in my own land, and my fathers never heard; things that are literally impossible, such as your iron boats that float on water, and your tick-tick messages, sent by electricity, that cannot be seen. I shall tell my people that the Americans are one big humbug; a nation that cannot speak the truth. What's that thing, sir?"

"That," said I, boiling with indignation, "that is a cannon. I am going to tell you the truth, and you, of course, are not going to believe me. It cannot see or hear or walk, but it can speak. A man is just about to touch it with a bit of burning, tarred rope. Then it will go off, but not on its feet. And if you get in its way, it will take your head off, too."

"I'm bound to try it," said the dwarf.

"Very well," said I; "you run your own risk."

The dwarf sprang from my side; there was a loud explosion, a cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared, the dwarf was no longer to be seen, but I fancied that I heard a derisive laugh near me in familiar tones. However, as my eyes saw nothing, and it stood to reason that it could not be, I decided that I was mistaken.

Chafed and irritated to excess, "The little wretch!" I cried; "does he think that he knows everything? Does he fancy he can gauge our resources and greatness by the line of his reason? Reason, forsooth! How much has he?"

And while I thought upon the clever answers I might have given him, now that it was too late to give them, another voice spoke close beside me.

"Sir," it said, "will you show me the marvels of this place?"

He stood there, stately, and tall, and young, with a face that made me, true republican as I am, think that the blood of kings must be in him; a face full of intellectual power, yet mild and loving as a little child's. "Some prince in disguise," I said to myself, "escaped from his tutor's surveillance for a time. It will be a pleasure to exhibit to so noble a youth the excellence of our free institutions, and to teach him the lessons to be obtained from our glorious history. "What shall I show you first, my lord!" (The word slipped out unconsciously; he was evidently too used to it to notice it, and I could not politely recall it.) "This hall contains many of our relics."

"Ah, I wished particularly to see those," he said. "May I first have the privilege of beholding the relics of those blessed ones, Jognes and Rale?"

I stared in unfeigned amazement. "There is some mistake," I said. "We have nothing of that kind here. I do not know what you mean. These are the relics of our nation's greatness," and I proceeded to display proudly the rare and curious articles with which the hall was filled.

Each moment my wonder and admiration increased towards the stran-

ger. He wished to see everything. What he thought I could not even guess, but like one who has unmeasured time before him, he moved onward, listening attentively to all I told him, noticing the smallest, most trifling thing.

"And all these belonged to saints and martyrs?" he said, at length, pausing reverently before a gold-headed cane, which had belonged to Thomas Jefferson. "Is this, too, the relic of a warrior-saint, of whom I notice you have so many? How did *he* die?"

"He died in his bed," said I, thoughtfully. "I—I—If I am not mistaken, he did not know very much about God," said I; "that is, he did not believe in him very much."

The stranger showed irrepressible horror. "How dreadful!" he exclaimed. "How can you endure to keep it here?"

"Oh," said I, "it makes no difference; it is a relic all the same."

"Impossible," said my prince in disguise. "Impossible. I beg your pardon, sir, but how can it be? Does it work miracles, sir?"

"Miracles!" cried I; "what do you take me for? Of course it does not work miracles."

"Ah, I thought not," said he; "I thought not. But will you not show me some that do?"

I gazed upon his massive and commanding head, and wondered if such strength of mind and such weak credulity could be united in one being. "The age of miracles—if ever there was one—is past, my lord," said I. "Somebody has been deceiving you; that is evident."

"No other than my own senses, then," said he. "In the land from which I am first come, an old woman was cured of palsy but yesterday by the touch of a relic of St. Anicetus."

"Impossible," cried I, in my turn. "In the first place, I never heard of St. Anicetus. The Bible saints are quite enough for a man to remember, and they are too many for convenience. It is hard enough to keep the list of Presidents in mind. But in the next place, there are no miracles nowadays; they are only the fiction of a superstitious people."

"Fiction? superstition?" he repeated. "Those words are new to me. What do they mean?"

Happily for me, only the day before I had heard my daughter read out the definition of those very words from no less an authority than the indubitable Worcester, so I was quite sure of the elegant correctness of my reply.

"A fiction," said I, "is a thing feigned or invented; and to be superstitious is to be full of idle fancies or scruples with regard to religion."

"Ah, I thought so," said he; "I thought it must be a mistake in the meaning. No, this old woman was not at all superstitious. She was a very practical old woman; I don't suppose she ever had a scruple or a fancy in her life. And as for her cure being a fiction—a thing feigned or invented—why, I have seen her with my own eyes shaking with palsy, and she was entirely cured."

"There is another definition of superstitious," said I, "or of superstition. 'A belief in the existence of particular facts or phenomena, produced by supernatural agency, of which the existence is not proved by experience or countenanced by revelation; a belief in the direct agency of supernatural power in producing results which can either be proved to proceed from secondary causes, or by reasonable analogy must be inferred so to proceed.'"

"Ah, that settles it," said he; "that is very satisfactory. She had used the customary methods, and they all failed, and then she only tried ways which experience and revelation have taught. What a pity that none of these things are better relics, sir."

"And do you suppose that I credit miracles," exclaimed I. "You say you have seen them, but I know I never did, and my father never did, and I never before met any one"—

Suddenly I stopped; a disagreeable memory had come to my mind, and I fancied that I heard a chuckle near by. It was only fancy, of course, but I thought it well to change the subject. When my companion had seen more of our real treasures and resources, it would be easier to divest his noble mind of such degrading ideas.

"I will take you," said I, "to our model public school."

"What is that?" asked he.

"It is the nation's nursery," I replied. "She desires that all her children shall be enlightened citizens; so, in their tender years she gathers all into her fostering care, that they may learn what shall fit them hereafter to be true patriots, and blessings to their country."

"I would gladly see that," said he.

My heart glowed with pride as we entered the room and beheld its blackboards adorned with perfect geometrical figures and artistic designs, its chairs of the latest approved fashion for schools, its scholars in the perfection of order and decked with the red, white, and blue. One by one the classes came forward. There were original dialogues in French, and Italian, and German; original orations in Latin and Greek; original problems in higher mathematics. One young lady expounded the laws which govern the motions of the planets, another held forth upon the geological strata, a third told us what chemical forces came into play in the creation of the world, two young men were pitted one against the other to argue upon Darwin's profound theory of evolution, and were followed by a class in natural philosophy, and by another which discoursed upon the human intellect in a manner most gratifying to the human pride. We visited all grades. The primary scholars told their letters, and said their tables, and spelled, and sang, as well as their elders had performed their higher duties. At last the folding-doors were opened, and the school in its entirety was before us.

There they were, the bright-eyed, well-taught, well-trained children, representatives of our nation's future, the men and women of to-morrow. Now they performed their patriotic exercises, gave a brilliant synopsis of our history, said in concert the important dates and names, answered questions on any subject connected with our past and present which the master chose to put, sang "America," and "The Star-spangled Banner," and other national airs, and treated us to an oration by Patrick Henry, and another by Webster. The many voices in exact concert sounded like one; the precision of movement, the promptness of obedience to word, or bell, or signal, were remarkable to behold. Any American might be proud of such an exhibition.

At length, the principal, as much impressed as I by the evident intellectual power of the visitor's face, and highly flattered by his unflagging interest, begged him to address the school, and he readily assented, only asking permission to talk with them rather than to talk to them, as he was curious to learn more from them; and, doubly flattered, the principal in an evil hour consented.

The stranger rose, and filled with foreboding as I was, I could not but admire him. His smile won every heart, and each eye was fixed upon him, and his voice rang out like a trumpet, reaching the furthest person in the room, and gaining the attention of the smallest child. Suddenly it struck me that he was something more than a boy, however princely. He looked as if he had been a wise astronomer, weighing the sun and computing the distances

of the spheres; or a philosopher pondering the subtlest questions of the day; or a poet with his hand upon the human heart-strings, moving them at his will. Who would have dreamed that from such lips would come the trivial question, "My little children, who is the patron saint of America?"

Silence formed the sole reply.

The question was repeated; then a clever-faced boy stood up, and answered, "It is not in the history, sir. I don't think we have any. Do you mean like St. George of England, sir?"

"Precisely; Oh, of course you have one. Is it possible you do not know his name?"

Had any child there told me that he did not know who George Washington was, I could not have expressed more surprise and disappointment by my tone. It roused one of the young ladies to reply:

"We Americans do not care about such things. Among the English it is only a relic of past superstitions."

"Superstition? Oh, no. This gentleman has just explained that word to me. The matter is a very practical one; there are no scruples or fancies about it. We ask the aid of our saints as we do of our parents, but the saints are in heaven and so are more able to help us."

The youth who had argued so ably for Darwin's lofty theory rose to reply with calm assurance. "If they are in heaven, sir, that quite settles the matter, of course. I have no definite idea of the exact locality of heaven, but it would be quite beyond the power of the natural eye and ear to learn anything from such a distance, granted even that there are saints, and that they could assist us if they were near enough."

"Ah," said the stranger courteously, "I understand. Pardon me that I did not consider sufficiently that you are at school, and have much to learn. Still, in my country one of the simplest axioms is that of the spiritualizing of the faculties by the transforming power of the long-desired vision."

This was a matter which the young man who had so profoundly treated of Darwin's theory appeared not to have bestowed much thought upon. In fact, he looked as if the last sentence was said to him in some unknown tongue. However, he was not lacking in an answer.

"The subject of development is most interesting," said he, "but I am sure that the notion of such prayers as you speak of has nothing to do with it. Whether there are saints or not, they are not omnipresent, and otherwise it would be quite impossible, quite contrary to reason, that they should hear our prayers."

Again a low mocking laugh near me, a sound like roaring waves and a stormy wind, a "tick, tick, tick," derisively repeated. Strange how vivid one's fancies can be. And I am not in the least superstitious.

"You have indeed much to learn, my son," said the stranger, in a tone of such intense compassion, and such overwhelming, confident knowledge of the true state of the case, that the youth, without a word of self-defence, took his place again, with a most uncomfortable and dejected expression.

"I acknowledge;" said the stranger, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "I acknowledge my ignorance of your customs and methods of speech. Perhaps I do not make my meaning quite clear. You have told me of your statesmen and your soldiers. Now tell me this: who, from first to last of your noble dead, is his country's pride and his country's darling, for this reason and for this only, that he loved God with his whole heart and soul, and for the love of him alone he lived and died?"

Silence. He looked slowly down one after another of the long files of highly educated children before him; no look of answering intelligence or

enthusiasm met his own. "In the land from which I am just come," he said, "I heard but yesterday the names of Jognes and Rale mentioned reverently as those of martyrs. Can no one tell me anything of them?"

Up rose the cleverest girl there, she who in the philosophy class had explained the whole working of high and low pressure engines, and afterwards had treated of the function, development, and faculties of the human intellect.

"My father came from Norridgewalle, a town in Maine," said she. "He used to tell us of a priest named Rale who lived there once, but he was an ambitious man who gave great trouble to our Puritan ancestors, and taught the Indians his superstitions, and finally fell fighting, having stained his hands with the blood of an English prisoner."

"He of whom I heard," said the stranger, "lived for God, and feared God only. He gave up home and country for his sake. He went forth to meet his foes, hoping by the sacrifice of his own life to save the lives of his people, and at the foot of his mission cross he met the death which he had desired. Did you never hear this? It is a fact in history."

"I believe that is the Catholic version," said the girl, carelessly. "Their accounts of history are so mixed with superstitions that I never pay much attention to them."

With no seeming reference to her answer, and with no shade of annoyance upon the ever youthful face that yet grew more wise and calm and strong as I looked upon it till it filled me with an inexplicable awe, he spoke again. "I wish to hear the school recite the creed," he said.

Silence.

The stranger turned to the master. "Have I used the right word?" asked he.

"Yes," was the reply. "It is not a school exercise, however. We do not interfere with the belief of our scholars. They believe what they please. This is a free country."

The stranger's face grew stern. "Permit me, then," he said, "to hear you all repeat the Hail Mary."

Silence and consternation.

"Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

A confused murmur of voices; some spoke firmly, some waveringly, some would not speak at all.

"Sir, sir, sir," stammered the principal, like one who could with difficulty articulate, "they said it perfectly this morning. You cast some spell upon us."

"Can that be?" said the stranger, and the stern irony with which his tone was full had no trace of bitterness or malice. "Is not a spell a relic of past superstitions, a fancy, or a scruple, or a thing feigned and invented? or does this recitation represent the true state of the case? Perhaps all of your free and enlightened people do not wish that the future nation shall be trained in childhood to repeat the Lord's Prayer in your nation's nursery."

"Yes," said I, "it is a fact there are those who believe too little and so do not like it, and there are those who believe too much and want to have such things all their own way."

He lifted up his hand, and the very gesture swayed us to his will. We had no power to check his burning words.

"I heard it said," cried he, "that this was a land of saints as well as a land of heroes; that this soil was red with nobler blood than that of your patriot soldiers, even the blood of the martyrs' noble army; that a soldier of no less a master than the King of kings discovered your western continent for the Lord he loved, and planted here no less a standard than the cross of Christ when your federacy of States was not so much as an idle dream. What memory of this swells your children's hearts with loyal love to-day? They treasure a faded dress of the mother of a president, and they cannot repeat

what angel lips first uttered to the Holy Mother of God; they tell me of the motions of the planets, but not of him who made the planets; they must learn earth's meagre sciences, but it makes no difference to this nation's future what her children shall believe of GOD."

No words can tell what he made that one word mean. As he spoke it, all worldly knowledge seemed, for the moment, as dust and ashes only. Elocution and eloquence work wonders sometimes. We waited breathlessly to hear more, though the words had their sting.

"In the land across the sea from which I come, I heard but yesterday its children's lessons. There was little like what I have heard here, but they knew their creed and their prayers, and they say them day by day. It is thought there that education is something more and higher than the study of human science; that to believe in God is a greater lesson than anything else the schools can teach; that to bow one's neck under his yoke is the only way whereby men can become truly great. I fear you would call it, however, a land of superstitions."

My long-pent indignation broke forth at last. It was time that the honor of my country should be vindicated, and before the very children who had heard these strange ideas and accusations.

"A land of lies," cried I, "judging by him who tells of it. You say that your home is across the seas, and three several times have you spoken of matters which came under your notice there but yesterday. There is no country across seas from which one can come in a day, sir. Your home lies nearer here than that, and your ideas are fictions like your statements."

I knew the words were harsh, but it must be granted that they were not uncalled for. Instead of anger, however, a marvellous look of pity was upon his face.

"Pardon me, I did not say my *home*," he said, and at the word his voice grew sweeter, and his body swayed back and forth, light as air, as flame sways on live coal, and it seemed as if in a moment he would be far away, going where he willed as he willed. "My home is indeed in a land that is very far off," he said, "the land across the sea, from which I come, and I spoke the truth."

"Impossible," said I, "it can't be done. There are no means of conveyance of that sort. Besides, it would take your breath away."

Quietly he looked at me, and all at once I felt a new sensation. In this Centennial year, in this city of Philadelphia, with the stars and stripes above my head, I, a free-born citizen of this world-renowned nation, felt most mean and ignorant and insignificant. Suddenly it occurred to me that the universe is very great, greater than the United States, greater than the earth on which we live, and that possibly there might be in it beings whose capabilities differed from our own.

"It did not take my breath away," said he, "and the mode by which I came is an ancient one that has been in daily use for ages. I travelled on the sunbeams as they crossed from east to west."

The room seemed to reel about me. I thought I spoke, but my voice sounded uncouth and thick, and another will than mine seemed to move my lips.

"It is contrary to my senses, my lord," I found myself saying. "It is contrary to anything I ever did, or that my fathers ever did. It is contrary to reason, that noblest faculty."

And then—I did not see anything, and it was not as if I felt anything really tangible, yet I was conscious that something like a hand moved swiftly across my eyes, and touched my ears, and rested for a moment above my heart, and suddenly every faculty in me was quickened to a power which I had never

dreamed they could possess. Nothing new was given me. It was only as if a tiny bud had blossomed in a moment into a perfect flower. Still I stood in our nation's nursery, but its walls formed no barrier to my sharpened vision. Our whole wide country lay plain before me, and I was conscious alike of what went on without the room and of everything within. Among the banners which floated proudly on the breeze, towering higher than they, dimly to be discerned through a darkness that was neither mist nor cloud, but showed very awfully against the sunshine, rose a rude, gigantic cross. Something—some one hung upon it. It was dreadful to behold. There was a sound as of great blood-drops falling heavily.

Among the children who filled our nation's nursery, myriads of hideous dwarfs went skipping, ambling, shuffling; they seemed to take no space, to make no sound, yet it was to me as if they spoke and spoke with exultation.

"This land is ours," they cried to one another. "This land is ours forever. Give us the children and we ask no better gift."

They turned with mocking homage to that towering cross, flung up their arms and jeered. "We will train them well," they cried; "they shall know, and know, and know; they shall be as gods, knowing good and evil; we will help them gladly and never hinder, for it makes no difference to this nation's future what their little children believe of thee there on the cross."

The darkness deepened, but the awful form grew more distinct. I became aware that it loved us and that its heart was breaking. Against it the pitiless clamor rose again.

"This land is ours, forever ours, forever ours. We will train its little children well. If they read and write then they can vote, and it makes no difference what they believe. We will take good care that they shall think it superstition to ask the help of God Almighty's Mother. We will make their tender consciences more tender in the matter of giving undue honor to her there beside the cross; that business suits us well."

I could see the face now. Its brow was crowned with thorns. I looked, and then I trembled and fell down upon my knees, and it seemed to me that my heart was breaking, too. Those little children, those little children—our nation's hope and future!

"They shall reason well," the taunt went on. "They shall match their reason with thine, oh God! They shall gauge thy mission by the plummet of their own. We ask no better measure. It makes no difference to this nation what its rulers believe of thee, oh King of kings! The vote of the infidel is as good as any. This land is free, oh God! free of thy Saints, and free of thy Mother, and forever, and forever, and forever free of thee."

Serene and strong, the stranger stood beside me; his grave eyes met my look of horror and despair. "Are there not certain men among you," he asked, as one who would gladly help, "men who honor the Mother whom God deigned to honor, and who hear God's voice speak infallibly to-day?"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "There are men who teach those errors and many more beside; and they try by all means in their power, to lay hold upon our children and teach such things to them while they are young, that so they may keep them in the future and control this land. They say that to believe rightly is as needful as to act rightly, and then they ask us to believe, sir, what is contrary to all reason."

"To *their* reason?" asked the stranger, gently.

"They say it is not," I had to answer, with a puzzling sense of shame. "But, indeed, one cannot

understand their doctrines, and that they own themselves."

On his face, forever young, and marvellously wise, and humble as a little child's, a look of awe and love unutterable rested. His eye, like an eagle's, looked unflinchingly into the glowing western sun. He stood there, the seeming embodiment of all mental power, at whose feet earth's wisest scholars might have sat down gladly to learn the alphabet of sciences, which were as play to him, but which for ages men had craved in vain to know.

"In my home," he said, and no trace of pride was in his tone, but again I noted that strange swaying of his body, light as air; "In my home we have no use for reason, for we know; and in my home we hold that to know is good, but to love is better. But though we shall know more and love more forever and ever, this one thing we never look for—to understand God."

And so saying he was gone, but the setting sun had dazzled me, and I knew not whither or how he went. But in my heart some words were ringing, "Ah, ah, ah, oh, Lord God! they say of me: Doth not this man speak by parables?"

THE STORY OF A VICTORY.

I.

"There goes Frank Rossiter on the other side of the street; he's a fine looking young fellow, isn't he?"

"I've nothin' agin' him as fur as looks goes; if he'd only keep sober he'd be well enough."

"Well, Tom, you must admit that he's been doing pretty well of late."

"Yes, he'll behave himself, I s'pose, till he's earned enough to go on another spree with. I declare, I don't know how he manages to keep his situation. Nobody but old Wilbur would be bothered with him, anyhow, for all his good looks and fine eddication. Tim O'Shaugnessy or August Schimmelwagen, that spends the biggest part of their time in the lock-up, ain't near as much disgrace to your people as that stylish young drunkard yonder—for he's nothin' but a drunkard, after all. His drinkin' does more mischief, too; for the young men kind o' look up to him because he stands well in the world and is in with all them big bugs over the river. 'Tain't no use your tryin' to smooth it over about him to me, because he has the name of belongin' to your Church. I ain't no Catholic myself, but give me the man that lives up to his belief, whatever it may be. If he's a Catholic, why don't he go reg'lar to church and take the pledge, or jine your temperance society? but no, that ain't grand enough for him."

"Well, well, Tom, don't be too hard on the young man. Like the rest of us, he has his faults, but pride isn't the worst of them, and a better-hearted fellow, in some ways, never lived."

The speakers were standing in the doorway of a store that fronted on the principal street of Greigsport. They were both elderly men—Peter Franklin and Thomas Grey—fast friends and partners in the grocery business. They were well to do financially, and were leading spirits in their own circle. The latter turned away impatiently at his friend's last

remark, and was soon absorbed in his day-book, while Franklin gazed with a regretful look after the fast-receding figure whose appearance had occasioned the conversation above noted.

Yes, Frank Rossiter stood well in the world. He was young and fine-looking; intelligent and liberally educated. He was cashier in the Greigsport Savings Bank, and was regarded as "a rising young man." He had one disadvantage, however; he was a Catholic, and the Catholics were an unpopular minority in Greigsport.

"But then, you know," to quote his friend, Randolph Rawson, to the members of the Amphion Club, when Frank aspired to become a member of that classic body, "he is liberal, not ultramontane." Our hero, for various reasons, was not in the good graces of his Catholic fellow-citizens, who were for the most part of the laboring classes.

While Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and Unitarians boasted religious edifices of greater or less architectural pretensions, the Catholics had to be content to worship in a little frame structure in an out-of-the-way part of the city. But the Cross rose above it, and its walls were hallowed by the Lord Jesus, ever present on its lowly altar. Close in its shadow rose another cross-crowned wooden building—the school-house. The zeal of good old Father Redmond and his poor but fervent congregation had thus provided for the educational wants of the little ones, to save them from the unhallowed influences of the district schools.

Frank Rossiter attended Mass occasionally, to please his mother. She was a widow, and occupied with her two sons, Frank and Hugh, a pretty cottage in Vernon Place. The Rossiters were considered socially, as the *élite* of the Catholic body in Greigsport.

But her holy faith was dearer to Mrs. Rossiter than any worldly advantages, and it was a subject of bitter sorrow to her that several years had gone by since Frank had approached the Sacraments. Faith was not dead in his heart, but in order to resume the practice of his religion he would be obliged to sever his connection with a certain widespread and influential organization; and, as he reasoned, such a step taken prematurely would irrevocably blight his present brilliant prospects. By and by, having secured himself for this world, he would turn his thoughts towards making provision for the next.

Frank was an immense favorite in the "best society" of Greigsport. Romantic maidens sounded his praises. He was "perfectly splendid" in point of appearance; he played exquisite flute accompaniments; he knew Tennyson from cover to cover. What more could be desired? Papas and mammas were benevolently deaf to sundry unfavorable reports that sometimes flew about concerning him.

"They do say that young Rossiter goes on tearing sprees once in a while," remarked Mr. Gordon Coxe, the happy father of five blooming, unmarried daughters, "but then some of our very first young men here do the same, and it might be worse."

"Very true," echoed his amiable wife, to whom the remark was addressed in confidence; "it might be ever so much worse."

But to return. We left our hero leisurely pursuing his way homeward, but the soothing influences of the lovely September afternoon seem to have no power to cheer him. He is evidently wrapt in deep thought; nor are his musings agreeable, if we may judge by the changes of his handsome and expressive countenance. There is a strange, dissatisfied feeling in his mind; a self-contempt which stings his proud nature bitterly. He is beginning to realize

that his intervals of sobriety are becoming fewer in number and shorter in duration; that the fits of passionate penitence which regularly succeed his seasons of dissipation work no lasting good, and that his mind is daily becoming less capable of that severe application to business which his important situation demands. He has a good heart and he loves not to see his delicate, care worn mother growing paler and frailer day by day, suffering with a pathetic silence more grievous to his soul than angriest reproaches could ever be.

The voices of two ladies who pass him on the sidewalk break his reverie and arrest his attention.

"Yes; Mrs. Preston and Mary have come back to live here; they have taken a house on Locust Street," says one.

"How does Mary look? Has she changed much?" questions the other.

"I have not seen her yet, but, of course, I am going to call at the first opportunity."

By this time the ladies have passed out of hearing.

"Mary Preston come back to Greigsport!" soliloquizes our hero, and then he relapses into a deeper reverie. He turns from the thoroughfare down into a more secluded street and pauses abstractedly before a fine old mansion. It had been the homestead of the Prestons in their palmy days. Well he remembers Robert Preston, the honored, the trusted, and his stately, handsome wife, the beloved of the poor and suffering. Nor is he ever likely to forget the winsome, bright-faced daughter of the house, who had been the object of his enthusiastic boyish admiration. It seems to him but as yesterday since the news of Robert Preston's failure startled quiet Greigsport. How the ruin of his splendid business had been accomplished ever remained a mystery. At all events, himself and his family were the only ones who suffered by it.

"The men and women who have trusted their little all with me shall never have cause to regret their confidence," he said. And so land, and house, and furniture, books and plate, pictures and statuary, carriage and horses, all went under the auctioneer's hammer for the benefit of his creditors. His wife added her jewels and laces, and ere long every pecuniary obligation, from the greatest to the least, was fully discharged.

"It was only my duty," he said to the friends who gathered round him with words of praise and offers of assistance. "If it please God to spare me I shall, with his help and yours, make good my losses."

But the man was already advanced in years, and his multiplied losses, the parting from his cherished home and all that sacrifice involved, were heavier blows to his brave heart than he would admit, even to himself. So ere the preparations to remove to an humbler dwelling were completed, he died peacefully, though after a sudden and brief illness, in the desolate, dismantled house that had been *home* to him for more than half his life.

His widow and daughter had left Greigsport almost immediately after the funeral. Nine years had passed away and the Preston homestead, as it was still called by old residents, had long been occupied by strangers. The sad story connected with it was still an oft-told tale, for this was a small inland city, in which such events seldom happened. The return of Mrs. Preston and her daughter would long afford theme for conversation and conjecture at many a fireside.

"So they are living on Locust Street," muses Frank Rossiter, quickening his pace and rejoicing that he must pass through said street to reach his home. "I wonder if Mary remembers me; she was a lovely girl. Bless me! she is at least twenty-four now. They must have taken that vacant house on the corner, where the Thompsons used to live."

Instinctively he glances at the house as he draws near. A lady sits on the broad step of the verandah, reading. Can it be Mary Preston? Yes, it is none other. The rosy, bright-eyed girl has developed into a beautiful woman. The face is thinner than of old; the complexion fairer; the features more delicately outlined, and in the large, luminous, brown eyes, raised for a moment at the sound of approaching footsteps, is that chastened but serene expression seen in the eyes of none save those who have struggled and overcome.

Frank Rossiter opens the garden gate and hastens up to the verandah, for the desire to speak once more to his old-time ideal, and the hope of being remembered by her has come over him irresistibly.

An instant recognition, a cheerful and cordial greeting, sets him completely at his ease. A few minutes' chat on indifferent subjects follows. As if by mutual agreement, no reference is made by either to the past. Frank fears that any such allusion on his part may awaken only sorrowful memories, but as he is leaving he says: "This has been rather an unceremonious call, Miss Preston, but I wanted to find out if you still remembered me."

"It would be strange if she had forgotten you," says Mrs. Preston, who has joined them on the verandah, "you were children together. Come in again, Mr. Rossiter. We both will be glad to see you."

This is just what he wants her to say.

"I will most certainly avail myself of your kind invitation," he rejoins. "It is but an hour ago since I learned that you had come back. Mother will be delighted. She will take pleasure in calling on you at an early day." And Frank Rossiter takes his leave, wondering as he walks along, what magical influence is at work glorifying the evening and banishing from his mind despondent thoughts.

II.

"Miss Preston is going to teach in the school, and take charge of the choir, during Miss O'Donoghue's absence, Frank."

"Who was telling you, mother?"

"She mentioned it incidentally, this afternoon, when I called; but Father Redmond, who was here awhile ago, to see John on some society business, gave me fuller particulars. She had a legacy left her by a relative who died last year in New Orleans, and she is quite independent as regards money matters. But she desired to have some settled occupation, to which she could devote her abundant leisure. When she heard that Miss O'Donoghue was to be so long absent, and that Father Redmond wanted some one to teach until her return, she offered her services gratuitously. I must add that she did not tell me that last part of the story; she is one of the most modest and unassuming women I ever met."

Miss O'Donoghue, the teacher referred to, was a woman of most pure and perfect life; "a nun in all but the habit," as was often said of her. She had taught in the little school from its opening; formed and trained the choir; attended to the decorations of the altar; visited the sick; in short, devoted herself entirely to works of piety. Business of importance had obliged her to go to Ireland, and would probably detain her there until the following summer.

Father Redmond was much perplexed, not knowing how he should replace his invaluable assistant, when Miss Preston so opportunely tendered him her aid.

She fell quite naturally and gracefully into her new duties. They were, without doubt, comparatively easy; for Miss O'Donoghue had smoothed the way for any possible successor. The school children were docile and attentive; and among the members of the choir there was little, if any, of that petty jealousy and ri-

valry which too often exist in choirs, to the annoyance of the pastor and the disedification of the people. Moreover, Mary Preston's antecedents invested her with a peculiar interest in the minds of the Catholics of her native place, and her affable and engaging demeanor soon made her loved by all.

"She ain't a bit stuck up, nor her mother neither," said Nellie Goguerty to her particular friend, Susie Fay, as they wended their way home from "choir meeting" together, a few weeks after the advent of their new directress.

"No, they ain't proud, that's a sure thing," rejoined Susie; "for if they don't visit among us Catholics, they don't go among the Protestants either."

"If you was sick they'd come to you quick enough. Miss Preston or her mother comes in 'most every evening to see ma, and brings her chicken, and jelly, and lots o' things we couldn't afford to get ourselves; and Nora (that's their hired girl, you know) told us that Miss Preston did all the work for her Saturday, so she could have a free day to spend with her cousins, that come from California last week."

"Oh, say, girls!" cried Jennie Walsh, as she overtook the two friends, "did you see Mr. Rossiter in the church to-night?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed both the girls in a breath.

"Of course, Susie, you had eyes or ears for nobody when Tommie Byrnes wasn't in the choir; but I should think you'd have noticed him, Mollie; he was in one of the pews near the door."

"*I* was so busy learning my part that I didn't pay much attention to anything else," said Mollie. Jennie thought she emphasized *I* unduly, but nothing daunted, went on. "I wonder what's bringing him round at choir meeting. 'Taint the music altogether, I'll venture to say."

"No, I think there's a stronger attraction," remarked Susie, demurely.

"Well, I hope Miss Preston won't give him no sort of encouragement," continued Jennie; "I don't want to be uncharitable, but I have my own opinion of that gentleman. He don't be at mass on Sundays more'n half the time; he won't associate with Catholic young men; oh, no, they ain't the style; but he ain't too dignified to go on awful sprees with some of his big-bug acquaintances. I know I seen him myself in the bank, one day, when he didn't hardly know what he was about."

"Hush, Jennie!" exclaimed Mollie, who felt that they were treading on dangerous ground; "that's none of our business."

"There they go, turning the corner," cried Jennie. "I knew he'd wait to see her home. I know it ain't none of my affair, but as I said before, I have my own opinion. That's a pretty dress Miss Preston has on to-night;" and here the conversation turned on toilet details, and was kept up with much zest till the girls reached their homes, which were near together, and parted with many good-nights.

With the revival of his acquaintance with Mary Preston, a new element entered into Frank Rossiter's life. Reverence blended with his admiration for her. Her beautiful and useful existence contrasted strangely with the lives of the idle, pleasure-loving women who abounded in the fashionable and exclusive circle of Greigsport society. As in his youth, so now in his manhood, she was his ideal, and he longed to win her love. From her every word, and glance, and gesture, went out a subtle power, which wrought notable changes in his daily life. The society of his former boon-companions became irksome to him. A lily face came between him and the intoxicating cup, making him set it down untasted. All who wished him well

were surprised and pleased to observe his close attention to business. His fine, well-cultivated voice was a great acquisition to the little choir of St. Joseph's, of which he became a regular member.

Says Tennyson, by the mouth of King Arthur:

> "Indeed I knew
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

The poet's thought is sweetly uttered, and true as far as it goes; for vain is the "maiden passion" to work an abiding change, or to break irrevocably the strong chains of evil habit, if it lead not to something higher than the mortal maiden who called it into life; since all true beauty, all permitted love, come down from God to bless his creatures, and fulfil their mission only when they draw his creatures closer to Himself, the Unfading, Everlasting Beauty, the Eternal Love.

So Mrs. Rossiter, though she rejoiced at the apparent change in her son, knew that the grace which alone could make it permanent and real was lacking. Yet she prayed more earnestly than ever, hoping that even by this sweet human agency God might lead him back to the love and practice of his religious duties.

Meantime, almost a year had elapsed since Mary Preston's return to Greigsport. The little school would soon be closed for the summer vacation, and Miss O'Donoghue was expected home in a few weeks. It had been a busy season for Mary, yet she had grown to love her self-imposed duties, and was almost sorry that she would soon have to relinquish them.

It was June—the month of singing-birds and roses; of radiant sunshine and sweet-odored breezes; but there was an influence more potent than the natural gladness which visits us with early summer-time, waking in Mary Preston's heart a joy like unto none that had hitherto been hers. It is a very sweet and blessed thing to know that a great and tender love for us exists in that heart whose love we desire beyond all other earthly affection. Though naught but words of friendship had thus far passed between them, yet she could not be ignorant of Frank Rossiter's sentiments towards her. Of his past career she knew nothing, and his present course was, as far as she could judge, all that beseemed a Christian gentleman.

One evening Frank Rossiter came home early, partook but sparingly of the tempting supper which awaited him, answered his brother's witticisms in an absent-minded way, and when the meal was over announced his intention of going down town.

"Down town to Locust Street?" said John, laughing good-naturedly, as his brother passed out. And his mother smiled and then sighed.

"So I find you alone, Miss Preston," said Frank, on reaching his destination.

"Yes," she rejoined; "mamma, under Nora's escort, has gone on a mission of mercy somewhere in Germantown. I expect her home soon; she has been out since three o'clock."

They conversed gaily for a little while, and then came a silence which neither seemed to wish to break. Frank Rossiter toyed with his watch-chain, and Mary's attention appeared to be absorbed in her crochet. The sunset shot long, slender arrows of light through the vine-shaded windows. A faint breeze sprang up, and the soft rustle of the leaves sounded painfully loud in the stilly room. Both felt that a decisive moment was at hand.

"Miss Preston—Mary." His low, impassioned tone thrilled through her. She felt the color rising in her cheeks, and her eyelids drooped still lower beneath the earnest gaze fixed upon her.

The door-bell rang sharply. Mary

rose to answer the summons, and returned in a few minutes, pale but composed, and with an open telegram in her hand.

"It is from Mrs. Masterson, of Poughkeepsie," she said; "her only daughter, my dear friend, Christine, is dying, and calls for me continually. You must remember Christine Masterson; she used to spend her summers here with us long ago. Ah, here comes mamma. Shall I be in time for the evening train, Mr. Rossiter?"

"Yes," he replied, glancing at his watch, "that is, if you can be ready in twenty minutes."

Handing the telegram to her mother with a brief explanation, Mary left the room to prepare for her journey; and in a marvellously short space of time returned; arrayed in a simple but becoming travelling suit, and carrying a small satchel. Her mother and Frank accompanied her to the depot.

"Good-by, dear mamma; I will write as soon as I get to Nellie's. Thank you, Mr. Rossiter," as he deposited her satchel beside her, "and good-by," yielding her slender hand to his warm grasp. Mrs. Preston and Frank descended to the platform, and in a moment the train was steaming away eastward.

Before a fortnight, Mary was able to announce that her friend was out of danger. The invalid, however, besought her so earnestly to remain with her during the first weeks of her convalescence, that she finally consented to do so.

III.

It was the summer preceding the Presidential election of 1872, and political feeling ran high throughout the country. Greigsport, of course, had its share of the excitement. As the summer waned, the excitement increased, and stump speeches and ward caucuses were the order of the day, or rather, of the night. Politicians assumed their blandest countenances and most insinuating manners, and the poor Irish or German laborer wondered to find himself suddenly transformed into a person of consequence in the community.

Frank Rossiter attended strictly to his business, and kept aloof from politics. But it was dull work. Hitherto, there had been reward for long days of watchfulness and self-denial, in an occasional conversation with his beloved one; but now she was far away, and with her had gone the stimulus that had cheered him in his new and difficult *rôle*. When the business of the day was over, time hung heavily on his hands. One night, late in August, as he strolled down Main Street, he could not help thinking that the brilliantly lighted parlors of the Amphion Club wore an unusually cheerful aspect. Many months had passed since he had attended a meeting there, and he was a stranger even in "the lodge."

"Why, Rossiter, how are you, and where have you been keeping yourself of late," exclaimed Randolph Rawson, seizing Frank's hand, and giving it a hearty shake. "It's an age since I've seen you, old fellow. Come on upstairs; we're going to have a special meeting to make arrangements for a reception we intend giving the delegate from Chicago. He's expected in town Monday night, you know." And drawing our hero's arm within his own, he conducted him to the club-room, where a large assemblage was already gathered. Frank Rossiter was greeted with boisterous cordiality, and when the club proceeded to business, was named first on the committee of reception. Cigars and brandy concluded the meeting. A few sarcastic smiles were interchanged when Frank declined to drink, but he affected not to notice them, and went home at eleven o'clock, accompanied by Randolph Rawson and young Gordon Coxe.

"I don't know why you all insisted on putting Rossiter on the recep-

tion committee," said a prominent member of the club, after our hero's departure. "Not much can be expected of him since he has turned choir-leader and catechist. Rawson would have done better."

The president emptied his glass, and smiled knowingly as he replied: "He can influence the Catholic vote, don't you see? He's gone up immensely in the opinion of his own sort, of late, and we must make much of him till after election, anyhow. He isn't looking for anything himself, but he'll stand by his friends, I know."

The delegate honored Greigsport with his presence for nearly two days. He was a young man; persuasive in manner, fluent in speech; he found kindred spirits among the members of the Amphion Club, but seemed specially attracted to Frank Rossiter. The attraction was mutual, and through complaisance for the fascinating young politician, Frank waived his resolution on the evening of the reception, and drank almost as freely as the rest of the company. He managed to walk home, though not without some difficulty, and it was late next morning ere he had sufficiently recovered from the unwonted dissipation to make his appearance even among his companions of the previous night.

The delegate's mission being accomplished, his political *confrères* decided to show him some of the attractions in and around town. The programme consisted of a drive to the bay, and a sail on its tranquil waters, with supper at Devlin's; after which the whole party was to proceed to Rawson's, there to finish the evening.

Randolph Rawson, Sr., dispensed the hospitalities of his establishment to his already half-intoxicated guests, who left his mansion towards the "wee sma' hours," in various stages of drunkenness; none in perhaps worse condition than Frank Rossiter.

He rose after a few hours' sleep, though but partly sobered, for he had an imperative engagement at ten o'clock. The strong coffee which his mother had thoughtfully prepared for him, helped but little to clear away the mists from his bewildered brain. Yet he was miserably conscious of all that had transpired within the past thirty-six hours, and as he tried with unsteady hands to make his usual careful toilet, he shrank with loathing from the altered semblance which his mirror reflected.

"If Mary Preston knew," he murmured, "but thank God, she is far from here, and before she does return, I shall be myself again."

The delegate left town at one o'clock. Frank was one of his escort to the depot. Parting glasses had been drained in the Clifton House, and with many protestations of regard the astute politician had taken leave of his entertainers.

It was a day of intense heat. Not the lightest breeze stirred the dusty leaves of the trees that grew by the roadside. The sun glared down from an unclouded sky. The pavements fairly burned beneath one's feet. What with his last potations and the fierce noon sunshine, the blood was coursing through Frank Rossiter's veins with delirious heat. Half-way home from the depot, he remembered that he had some business with Randolph Rawson, whom he had not seen that day.

"I must go down there at once," he said to his companions. They were both soberer than he, and protested against his going, urging the heat of the day, and his own condition. But in vain, for half-crazed as he was, opposition only strengthened his resolve.

"Here, get into my buggy, and I'll take you home. You'd better go to bed, and sleep yourself sober." Saying this, Gordon Coxe, Jr., unfastened his horse from a neighboring hitching-post. The horse and buggy had been left under the scant

shade of a tree an hour before. The handsome, spirited animal was panting with the heat.

"No, I can't go home yet; I'm all right; I can drive myself," and before a remonstrance could be uttered, he had sprung into the buggy, seized the reins, and dashing down the hot, dusty road, was soon out of sight. The young men looked after him with dismay.

"I am afraid this is going to be a bad business; he can't manage Fanny now," said Coxe, ruefully.

Greigsport was quite a railroad centre. A broad track ran through the middle of the town, crossing Main Street, on which the depot was located. Rawson's residence was near the city limits, and to reach it, several railroad crossings had to be passed, and first of all, the broad track at the depot.

"There's your young convert," said Grey to his partner, as Frank, drove recklessly by; "he's a nice pictur', ain't he? Good heavens! there's Miss Preston and her mother coming down the street. I didn't know she had got home. I wonder if they see him."

They did see him, and poor Mary could hardly credit the evidence of her senses. Was it indeed Frank Rossiter? his face was flushed and bloated, his eyes dilated, and he swayed from side to side in the buggy as he strove to slacken the horse's speed, and to steady himself sufficiently to return her involuntary recognition.

But hark! a loud rumble, a shrill whistle, a chorus of shouts and shrieks, and the hoarse voice of the flagman sounding above all: "Back, man; back for your life."

It was too late. The horse, maddened by the heat and the uproar, was already on the track. In vain did Frank Rossiter, sobered completely in the face of his awful peril, endeavor to rein her in. As well might he have striven to stay the whirlwind. One fearful instant of acute and tingling consciousness, while the horse pranced and reared on the track, and the train thundered on, and all his life unrolled before his view, like a vast picture, and the judgment and an eternity of woe rose up beside it. Then came a terrible shock, followed by utter darkness.

The gathered crowd saw the locomotive strike the horse; they saw Frank Rossiter flung out beyond the rails on the curbstone, and the buggy lying in splinters on the track, and they shuddered at the blood-curdling cry of the poor animal, as the cruel wheels crushed its life out.

Dr. Ostrander shook his head as he gazed on Frank's bleeding and unconscious form. A stretcher was quickly improvised, and he was conveyed on it to his mother's residence, the physician hastening before to break the sad news gently, and to see that all things needful were prepared, while the crowd at the depot, with its attendant fringe of small boys, slowly dispersed to talk over this unlooked-for event, and to speculate on its probable result.

IV.

"My God! my God! spare him to make his peace with Thee! Sweet Virgin Mother, pray for him!" Over and over again, from Mary Preston's white and trembling lips came forth this prayer, as she lay prostrate before the altar in the little church, to which she had fled from the scene of Frank Rossiter's humiliation and peril.

For many days he lay in direst extremity, sometimes steeped in death-like lethargy; again having short intervals of consciousness, during which, memories, and forebodings, and the torture of bodily pain maddened him into fits of wild delirium. So from one state to another he passed, until at length, in God's mercy,

"There came a day as still as heaven,"

a day of physical prostration, it is true, but the pain had ceased, and the mind was perfectly clear and comparatively calm.

Then came the priest of God to prepare the poor soul for its passage through the valley of the shadow. The fatal bonds that had held it in thrall to a despotism worse than that of any fabled Eastern potentate were snapped asunder. The wondrous Sacraments of Holy Church—purifying, strengthening, comforting—did their mighty work in the repentant heart.

His death was hourly expected. There was no one in the apartment but Mrs. Rossiter, and John, and the priest, who lingered a few minutes after performing the solemn duties of his office, watching with dim eyes the face of the dying man, for he had known Frank Rossiter from his boyhood and loved him tenderly. But even as he gazed, the death-like shadow fled, the rigid lines relaxed and a soft slumber fell upon him. Mrs. Rossiter looked at Father Redmond with her heart's unspoken hope in her eyes.

"I think this is a favorable change," he whispered, and gliding from the room with John, he left the mother to her loving vigil.

From that moment Frank began to recover slowly but certainly.

While our hero moaned and raved in delirious anguish, the name of Mary Preston was often on his lips, but in his first brief lucid intervals and in that later one which he had thought would be his last, the memory of her faded in his thoughts of that unseen land to which he seemed so near. What was any earthly love to him whose hold on earthly life was loosening hour by hour? Yet sometimes a sweet, pitying face that looked like Mary Preston's, seemed to look upon him, and then he murmured: "If she will only pray for me when I am dead—when I am dead."

But now death had gone by and left him. Life, with its cares and labors, claimed him again, and he must go forth ere long and find a place among the world's workers. Bitter seemed the prospect; love, and self-respect, and an honorable position forfeited, and all through his own folly. But he would bear his cross manfully—had he not made it for himself?

Now he knew whither to seek for aid when temptations would beset him. Nevermore would he trust in the strength of his manhood, in the power of human love (ah! he had tried them both!) but even as the child clinging to its father's hand follows him trustfully, though the way be dark and stony, so would he, depending absolutely on the All-Merciful Lord, pass through the desert land that awaited him—sorrowfully yet bravely.

With the return of physical strength his love for Mary Preston reawakened stronger than ever. Ah, he had lost her love forever! He could not stay in Greigsport now; it would not be for the best. He would go South, West—somewhere, anywhere to build up a new life in a new land, and then—

His gloomy reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Father Redmond. The old priest looked provokingly cheerful as he drew his chair up beside the sofa, and tried to rouse his young friend into a cheerful conversation. Few understood Frank Rossiter's disposition as well as he, and he saw at a glance that something weighed heavily upon his mind. Continued mental suffering can unnerve strong hearts, and longing for sympathy makes the most reticent communicative; so before the end of Father Redmond's visit, Frank had unfolded to him his present difficulties and his fears for the future; last of all, he spoke of Mary Preston.

"There is nothing for me now in Greigsport," he concluded; "I have

lost my situation in the bank. Wilbur is a Free Mason, you know, as are nearly all my former friends, and they will not help me to retrieve myself here. Why, since I received the Sacraments, not one of them, not even Randolph Rawson, has crossed this threshold. But for Mary Preston—" He could say no more.

The priest smiled. He was thinking of some one who had been offering Masses and Communions, Novenas and votive tapers, daily Ways of the Cross and Rosaries for Frank Rossiter's recovery, and who would be awaiting him with anxious inquiries for the invalid. But he only said, "Don't be in haste to make any change yet. Get strong and well first, and I don't doubt but that you will soon find suitable employment. As to Mary Preston—why, time will tell. Come down and see me this evening; my nephew is with me, and we shall spend a few hours pleasantly together. Come now, promise me, Frank. I shall expect you without fail, if God spares us." And Frank, reluctant to grieve his kind old friend, promised.

Scarcely had the priest gone than a second visitor arrived. It was John Wilton, the President of the "Greigsport Coal Company," and, albeit not a Catholic, an old friend of the Rossiters. He had often called during Frank's illness. This evening, after the usual salutations and inquiries, he said in a business-like way:

"Simmons, my book-keeper, is going to St. Louis next week. Would you be willing to take his place?"

The abrupt proposition startled our hero a little, but after a moment's pause, answered: "You are very kind, but I have had some thoughts of leaving town myself."

"Well, take a few days to think the matter over. I would like to have you; the salary is fair. At all events, remember that if I can ever in any way assist you, you need not hesitate to call on me."

John Wilton was a man of few words, but these always carried their full value, so that these terse expressions of good-will from him meant more than the most flattering protestations from many others. Soon after, he bade Frank good evening, and left him to a new train of reflections.

The fair autumnal moon shed a weird splendor all around as our hero took the retired street that led to the priest's house. It was one of those delightful evenings of the Indian summer, and though the trees were leafless the air was as warm as in midsummer. He noticed a familiar figure coming down the path toward him. He felt, rather than saw, that it was Mary Preston. He would have turned in another direction to avoid this painful meeting, but no street branched off this one, which he had chosen purposely because it was quiet and unfrequented. He walked moodily on. As she drew near she glanced at him; then with a little exclamation of joyful surprise and extending her hand, she said: "Oh, Mr. Rossiter, I am truly glad to see you again; we have been praying so earnestly for your recovery."

He held the little hand in a close pressure, but for a moment no words came. Then in a choked voice: "Have *you* prayed for me, Mary?"

"Yes, indeed; I have prayed with all my heart for you. How could I help praying for my friend in his great need? I am just coming from the church, where I have been making the Way of the Cross for you."

"Oh, Mary, my friend—if I may call you so—my dearest, as you are and long have been; now that you know all and have witnessed my humiliation with pity and not with scorn, tell me that when I am far away from here you will continue to

think of me kindly and even still to pray for me."

"But why must you go away?" There was pain in the questioning voice.

"Because I have forfeited the right to seek your love. Listen, my dearest; I never sought a woman's love save yours. You were the dream of my boyhood, and when, after the lapse of years, I saw you again in the beauty of your womanhood, my love for you became the ruling principle of my life. For your sake I refrained from intoxicating drink; I became diligent in business; I avoided dangerous company; for your sake, and not in obedience to God's law, I went to Mass and seemed outwardly what I thought a Catholic should be. I fought a hard battle with my besetting sins, and you know how it ended—not in victory, but in shameful defeat."

"But you have begun the battle again, and this time under the standard of the Cross; and it was said of old, 'In this sign thou shalt conquer.'" The words were breathed rather than spoken; Frank saw that her eyelashes were wet with the tears that she was trying to repress, and her prayer-book trembled in the nervous little hand that held it.

He went on: "Yes, through bitter suffering and humiliation, I have begun a new life, trusting in God to save me from myself. But oh, my dearest! dearer to me than ever, since the idol-worship with which I wronged you has passed away, your sweet pity makes me daring. Tell me—may I hope ever to win your love?"

Softly but earnestly she answered: "God knows, it is yours already."

They walked on in happy silence, tasting the first rapture of that joy which has so often thrilled the hearts of men and women

> "Since high in Paradise,
> O'er the four rivers the first roses blew."

Frank did not reach Father Redmond's until a late hour that evening, but the good priest readily excused the delay, seeing the glad light in his young friend's countenance, and half divining the cause of it, even before he heard from his lips this new version of "the old, old story."

"And I have concluded to remain in Greigsport and to accept Mr. Wilton's offer," said Frank, as he rose to bid good-night to Father Redmond.

One morning a few months later, in the fair, white Easter-tide, Frank Rossiter and Mary Preston knelt before the humble altar of St. Joseph's to receive the nuptial benediction at the hands of their beloved pastor; nor could we deem it strange that the simple people who filled the little church afterwards declared that they had never seen a happier bridegroom, and that a fairer bride had never worn the orange blossoms.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE present condition of the Catholic Church in this country is a subject particularly interesting to our readers. Let us look on the bright side first. Churches are constantly being erected, many of them very beautiful and costly, the number of vocations to the priesthood is large, education is being attended to more than it ever was before, there is very little anti-Catholic prejudice in the country, and Catholics are growing in wealth and increasing in numbers. In addition to all these gratifying signs, neither heresy nor schism seems to trouble the Church in America.

Yet there are numberless drawbacks to this pleasing exhibit. Are Catholics really united in heart and feeling with one another? Do not our organizations display very frequently a tendency to jealousies and petty strifes unworthy of the Catholic name?

Is the standard of intelligence amongst us equal to the requirements and necessities of a skeptical age? Are we all ready and able to give a "reason for the faith that is in us," or are we merely Catholics because it so happens, but are ignorant of the why and wherefore, indifferent to Catholic interests, and unacquainted with the history and services of the Church to humanity, art, and civilization?

Is there any intellectual movement towards the Catholic Church perceptible in the American mind; and, if there is none (and we confess we can see few, if any, traces of such a movement), is it our fault or not? Are Catholics showing the good effects of Catholicity practically before the world? Are Catholic legislators nobler than their fellows, and Catholic districts freer of crime? As a State or a city becomes more Catholic, does it, *pari passu*, become more and more industrious, sober, law abiding, and freer from political, social, and moral evils, or not? Are we neither better nor worse than our fellow-citizens, but about the same, perhaps worse? These are not trivial questions, they are vital ones.

LORD MACAULAY says: "There is not, and there never was, on this earth a work so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of this Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The prevailing royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs."

Lecky says of the Church: "No human pen can write its epitaph, for no imagination can adequately realize its glories. In the eyes of those who estimate the greatness of a sovereignty, not by the extent of its territory, or by the number of its soldiers, but by the influence it has exerted over mankind, the Papal Government has had no rival, and can have no successor."

Mr. Gladstone says: "Since the first three hundred years of persecution, the Roman Catholic Church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its learning has been the learning of the world; its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely, all that, in these respects, the world has had to boast of."

These three conclusive testimonies to the greatness and power of the Catholic Church, from three well-known Protestant writers, should be enough to show Catholics who may not have bestowed a thought on it hitherto, how much they lose by non-acquaintance with church history.

THE old story about the Pope having recognized the Southern Confederacy is revived. This assertion is based upon a letter which his Holiness addressed to Jefferson Davis, on December 3d, 1863, in which he begged him to second the efforts for peace made by the Most Rev. Archbishops of New York and New Orleans. The Pope addresses Mr. Davis as "President of the Confederate States of America," and as "Honorable Sir," dates his letter from "St. Peter's, in the 18th year of our Pontificate," and subscribes himself "Pius IX, Pope."

This letter is not dated from the Vatican, nor is it signed by his Holiness as a sovereign, but only as Spiritual Chief of the Catholic Church, nor does it bear the countersign of the Secretary of State. The Church always gives the rulers of the earth their formal titles, and the Pope could not have addressed Mr. Davis as "The Rebel Leader," without insulting him and defeating the object in view.

In short, the letter was worthy of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, and of the highest of Christian Bishops, and it is contemptible in the last degree to use it as a weapon of assault.

THE Blaine amendment to the Constitution (with the express provisions heaped on by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary)

failed to secure the two-thirds vote necessary, and we shall hear no more of it, unless the exigencies of the political party now in power shall necessitate raising a hue and cry against Catholics, and their attempts to "destroy our public schools." Archbishop Purcell has issued a declaration and appeal, which positively states that Catholics are not desirous of overthrowing the public schools, but that they conscientiously disapprove of an education divorced "from religion." In justice these opinions should be recognized, and Catholics given their *pro rata* share of the funds raised for school purposes. England does this, Canada does this, and the Protestants of Austria and Hungary also are treated with justice in this respect. Still, even this the Archbishop waives, in deference to the public wish.

But the question is not settled, and indeed cannot be, until either the just claims of Catholics are recognized, or it is found that an anti-Catholic "cry" does not pay politically.

It seems a great evil that *personal questions* assume so much importance in the progress of the Presidential campaign. The issues are civil service reform, the condition of the South, and the state of the currency; and these issues are grave enough to demand the cool judgment of every intelligent citizen. A conscientious man finds it difficult, when he considers these questions with any degree of care, to form a judgment; but how much more difficult is not his task rendered by the cloud of obloquy and the charges against the personal honor of candidates, which are made frequently on very little foundation. The course of an ordinary lifetime, much less the space of a campaign, is not sufficiently long to enable any man who has his business to attend to, to investigate all the charges, and the effects of them are that citizens disbelieve *all* such charges, putting them down as "*newspaper lies*." Such a course of action also tends to the degradation of politics; it prevents highminded and honorable men from taking part in them, and perpetuates evils.

The Turks have been not only successful in repulsing the Servian invasion, but have in their turn invaded Servia. The terrified peasantry fled at their approach, and the mountain passes, with which Servia abounds, have been fortified. A large army, said to number 40,000, under General Tchernayeff, is prepared to resist the Ottoman hordes. So terrible have been the atrocities committed by the Turks, in Bulgaria, that the prospect of a repetition of them, in Servia, has caused a thrill of terror throughout Europe. The great powers are said to have interposed their good offices in favor of peace, but Servia has for the present rejected these offers, and is prepared to defend her independence with heroic courage. The city of Alexinatz, on the southern frontier of Servia, is now the chief scene of action, and a succession of desperate conflicts have taken place there.

The Island of Crete is also said to be in a state of insurrection; all business is suspended, and conflicts between the Turks and the Greeks are of constant occurrence.

The political campaign, thus far, is not very exciting. Those Republicans who wished to make the "school question" an engine for party success, brought in an amendment to the Constitution, which succeeded in passing the House, because the Democrats *there* were afraid to oppose it. In the Senate, however, it failed to secure a two-thirds vote. It must be admitted that both parties show to very little advantage in this question. Those who are at heart unfavorable to the centralization of education are too timid to meet the case on its merits. They are afraid of a "hue and cry" of Catholic sympathies being got up against them. Thus they dodge the question. Catholics must expect this. Political parties are not disposed to damage themselves for any abstract ideas of justice; and they will do nothing for any section until they are obliged to.

Some persons in Ireland have argued in this wise: Servia, with only a million of inhabitants, is bravely resisting Turkey, why cannot Ireland, with between four and five millions, make a brave fight for independence against England? The Dublin *Nation* answers this, and puts the difference between the two cases very strongly. First, England is much more powerful than Turkey. Second, Servia has a drilled army, Ireland has none. Third, the Servians are all armed, and accustomed to fight, Ireland is completely disarmed. Fourth, when war broke out there was no Turkish army in Servia, while in Ireland there is a large English army; and fifthly, Servia expected to be assisted by Russia. To all these reasons it may be added, that notwithstanding all these advantages which Servia possesses over Ireland, she has been unsuccessful hitherto.

The following facts will show that the cry that Catholic countries are backward in the cause of education, is not founded in fact: The school attendance compared with the population, is in Austria as 1 to 10; in Belgium, as 1 to 10½; in Catholic Switzerland, as 1 to 16; in England, as 1 to 17; in Bavaria, as 1 to 7. Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and Ireland, have proportionately a

larger school attendance than England. England and Wales, with a population of 22,712,000, of whom only half were registered, and not half of these attended with sufficient regularity to bring grants to their schools. Ireland, with a population of 5,411,416, had on register 1,006,546, or nearly half as many as England and Wales, though her population is not a fourth of that of these countries.

THE Government of Servia desired peace, and obtained the mediation of the great powers. But General Tchernayeff, the Russian General who commands the Servian army defending Alexinatz, attacked the besieging Turks and was defeated, and now the Ottomans are enraged, and will not agree to peace, except on terms which are most humiliating to Servia, and which would reduce her almost to a state of vassalage. Surely a more unfortunate victory could not well be gained. The Turks now insist that Alexinatz be surrendered to them, a hard pill for the garrison to swallow, after having repulsed and defeated the assailants.

THERE was a debate on amnesty to the Irish political prisoners, on August 2d. Mr. O'Connor Power, Mr. Kenelm Digby, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Mr. Mitchell Henry, John Bright, and The O'Connor Don, all spoke well and thoroughly on behalf of clemency. The motion for amnesty was rejected by a vote of 51 to 117. Almost simultaneously the six escaped prisoners arrived at New York, and have been received with delight by their fellow-countrymen. It is said that those who are still in captivity will be treated with extreme harshness on account of the escape of their more fortunate fellows.

THE escape of the Fenians, and that through the aid of an American ship, has roused the ire of the London *Times*. 'Tis, however, a bad rule that won't work both ways. England has always been the home of political refugees. In 1858 she risked a war with France in order to protect the accomplices of Orsini. Mazzini, Prim, and hosts of revolutionists have made England their home, and there plotted to destroy governments with whom England was at peace. England should not therefore feel aggrieved, if America offers an asylum to these six brave men, whose only crime was love of country and hatred of tyranny.

CERTAINLY a reform is wanted in church music. Our choirs, in very many instances, endeavor to execute Masses much too difficult for them—Masses which require the best vocal abilities and a large orchestra to render them successful. The style of these Masses also is not ecclesiastical or devotional, and when they are rendered badly, far from *promoting* devotion they distract it, and cause the unhappy listener to wish for silence, as preferable to discord and harsh notes. The St. Cecilia Society, which met in Baltimore last month, is doing a good work in endeavoring to raise the standard of church music.

THE campaign in the Black Hills progresses. It must be remembered that this district is about as large as England, and very easily defended, and very difficult to attack. To surround the Indians would require a million of men; to meet them in a square fight is impossible. Some 5000 men, under Generals Crook and Terry, are now converging on where the Indians are supposed to be. Perhaps they will meet them; but it seems most likely that the Indians will either disperse, or escape to Canada. In the latter contingency can they be demanded from the British government?

THE assizes in Ireland show that crime has been almost reduced to a minimum in that country. There were only three murder cases, and of those only one was connected in any way with a land dispute. Yet the Lord-Lieutenant, at the banquet given at Cork, on the occasion of the meeting in that city of the Agricultural Society, said that English capitalists did not invest their money in Ireland, on account of the insecurity of life and property that was believed to exist in Ireland. And this was also the reason why absenteeism was so frequent.

THE terrible crimes of which the Mollie Maguires of Pennsylvania have been convicted, reflect no discredit on the Catholic Church; for long before the evil became manifest, the vigilant solicitude of those who are set as watchmen to guard the bulwarks of the City of God on earth, which is his Church, had detected the evils of societies which are practically, and to all intents and purposes, secret ones, although they may be Catholic in name. No Mollie Maguire is a practical Catholic.

THE campaign against the Sioux has ingloriously collapsed, and Sitting Bull has succeeded in escaping the toils set for him. One of his bands went north and one south, and Generals Crook and Terry are employed in looking for them. Most probably they will be next heard of as descending on some miners' settlements, or as dexterous in running off cattle. The only net result of this year's events is that some valuable lives have been lost, and a large amount of money spent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT REV. SIMON WILLIAM GABRIEL BRUTÉ, D.D., FIRST BISHOP OF VINCENNES; with Sketches describing his Recollections of Scenes connected with the French Revolution, and Extracts from his Journal. By the Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Bishop of Newark (now Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore). New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, 1876.

The history of the Catholic Church in this country is as yet unwritten. True, we have biographies of some of its prelates and eminent clergy, more or less complete. We have, too, compendiums and sketches of the growth of the Church in the United States, containing many interesting facts, but we have not anything like a full and complete history of the Church in this country. Nor is it, we apprehend, possible for any one to write it at this time. The materials are not yet collected or arranged in such a manner as to be available. The work of doing this must necessarily precede that of writing a full and complete history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Every biography, however, of a priest or bishop, every paper recording the labors of a Catholic missionary; of the establishment of new parishes or dioceses; of the introduction and growth of religious orders, is a contribution of more or less importance in the way of adding to the stock of materials to be worked up by the future historian of Catholicity in the United States.

For this reason, apart from its own intrinsic merits, we welcome this volume from the pen of the Most Reverend author. But beyond and separately from this, the work is one of which we can scarcely speak too highly. Bishop Bruté, we need not say, was a most saintly character. The insight given us in these memoirs, of his youthful habits; of his consistent Christian life, whilst pursuing the study of medicine, amidst constant temptations of the most dangerous and dreadful kind; of his habits as a Seminarian, and as a Priest and Professor of Theology in France, then as Professor of Philosophy at the Theological Seminary in Baltimore, and afterwards as President of Mount St. Mary's College, at Emmittsburg, is most interesting and edifying. So also is the account given of his elevation to the Episcopal office, and his labors as Bishop of Vincennes. The *Memoirs* are composed in great degree of letters of Bishop Bruté, and extracts from his papers and journal. They give, therefore, an inside view of his character, motives, and interior life, such as would not be found in an ordinary biographical sketch.

One of the most interesting and valuable parts of this volume, is that which is made up of Bishop Bruté's notes of his recollections of scenes of the French Revolution, which transpired under his notice and observation, and of the persecution of religion in France, in 1793 and the following years. To this Archbishop Bayley has added such portions of Bishop Bruté's journal as still remain. A great part of this journal was destroyed at some moment of danger and alarm by Bishop Bruté.

In reading over these brief but graphic memoranda of the scenes Bishop Bruté witnessed whilst still a tender youth, the mind is filled with horror at the crimes that were perpetrated against humanity and religion, in the names of liberty and love of country; but, above all this, a feeling of admiration, of veneration, is excited for the heroic priests who, faithful to duty, labored devotedly and undauntedly, amid the dangers which continually surrounded them, and with death constantly staring them in the face.

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY. A Dramatic Poem. By Aubrey Vere de Vere, author of *Alexander the Great.* Henry S. King & Co., London. The Catholic Publication Society: New York, 1876.

Among the great men and great saints of past ages over whom a cloud of obloquy has been cast by non-Catholic writers of English political and ecclesiastical history, is St. Thomas of Canterbury. Of late years, however, modern historical criticism has instituted investigations which have swept out of all scholarly minds the fabric of falsehood which, under the name of history, writers imbued with the diabolical spirit of the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, had laboriously reared. The true significance of the events, and the real character of the leading personages of mediæval times, are coming to be better understood. One of the results of this process has been to bring more clearly into view, before the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic public mind, the greatness and sanctity of St. Thomas, his clear comprehension of the far-reaching, and momentous importance of the issues that were involved in the conflict into which he was forced by Henry II, in behalf of the rights of the Church in England; the severe struggles through which he passed in opposing that powerful, wily, and unscrupulous monarch—crowned in the end by the hor-

rible murder, but glorious death of St. Thomas, who died a true martyr in the cause as well of civil as of religious liberty. History is now doing justice to St. Thomas in all these respects.

It is not enough, however, to place important events and important personages before the minds of men, in the form simply of narration. It is necessary to their full realization that they should be reproduced, and made to live again in the thoughts and minds of men. This is what constitutes the work and mission of the poet, and in this true poetic genius finds its legitimate field of action and employment.

Aubrey Vere de Vere has done this for St. Thomas of Canterbury. The truth of history is rigidly preserved in his dramatic poem. The events and personages of the age are brought before us as they were, not in the form of mere description or narrative, but of real reproduction. It is not merely the characters of the great and heroic St. Thomas, and of the great, but crafty, bold, and diabolical Henry II, that pass before us, but the men themselves, as they lived, and spoke, and did—clothed, as it were, in real flesh and blood. This is the highest function of true dramatic genius, and this Aubrey de Vere has accomplished in this noble drama which is his latest, but we trust will not be his last work, as an author and poet.

Illustrated Lessons in Our Language; or, How to Speak and Write Correctly. Designed to teach English Grammar without its technicalities. By G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1876.

We cannot better describe this work than by quoting from its preface. It is, we are told, "the result of an earnest effort to teach young children, in a natural and common sense way, how to speak and write correctly—to enable them to master the leading principles of English Grammar, without its technicalities, easily and thoroughly, because intelligently and practically." Leaving out of sight the formidable legion of inflections and conjugations, divisions and subdivisions, observations and exceptions, which occupy so large a space in most text-books on grammar, and which confuse and discourage the youthful student, this little volume seeks from the very outset to familiarize the learner with the use of language as an everyday reality. It substitutes for the dry routine of verbal parsing, a variety of oral and written exercises, teaching the art of expression inductively.

The extent and variety of these exercises and their happy arrangement, are one of the chief features of this manual. They divest the subject of its proverbial dryness, and lead the pupil step by step, and by a plain and easy road, through what, under other methods, often becomes to him a dreary desert, in which he constantly finds himself bewildered and in doubt. The work is not one of a series, but is complete in itself. It presupposes no previous knowledge of grammar. It will enable a faithful and intelligent student, thrown upon his own resources, and with no other grammatical instruction, to speak and write correctly in all ordinary cases. In the hands of a teacher, it will serve as a manual of instruction greatly superior to most other grammars, by means of which he can lead his pupils easily yet thoroughly into a knowledge of grammatical construction which will subserve all the common purposes of composition, and will admirably prepare those who desire to undertake it, for the study of higher grammar, comprehending all the niceties and technicalities of language and its construction.

Mitchell's Series of Geographical Text-books. J. H. Butler & Co.: Philadelphia.

A new edition of these books is before us. The enterprising publishers have spared no pains to have incorporated into this new edition all the results of the most recent geographical explorations and discoveries. As regards typographical execution, there is scarcely anything to be desired that is wanting in these text-books. The type is clear, the paper good, the maps clear and distinct in outline, tastefully colored, and as full of details as it is desirable that maps for pupils in geography should be. The descriptions are clear, concise, and easily memorized.

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